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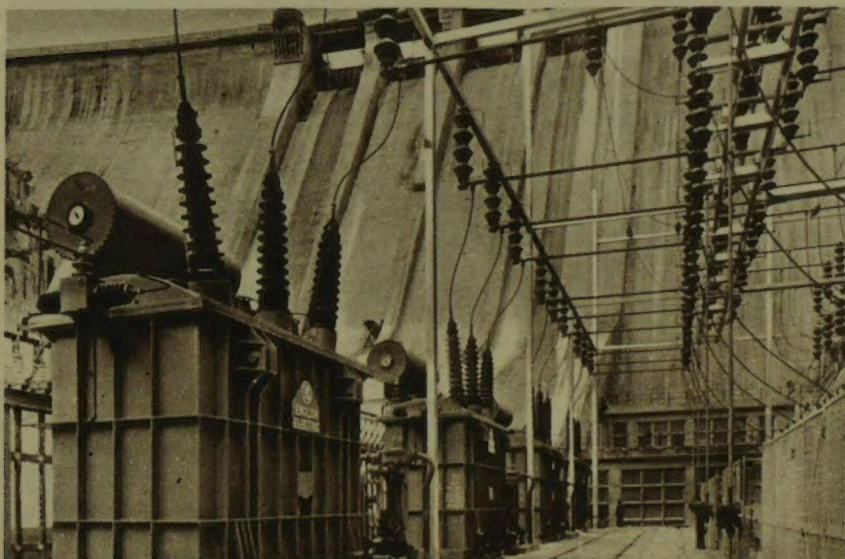


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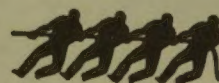
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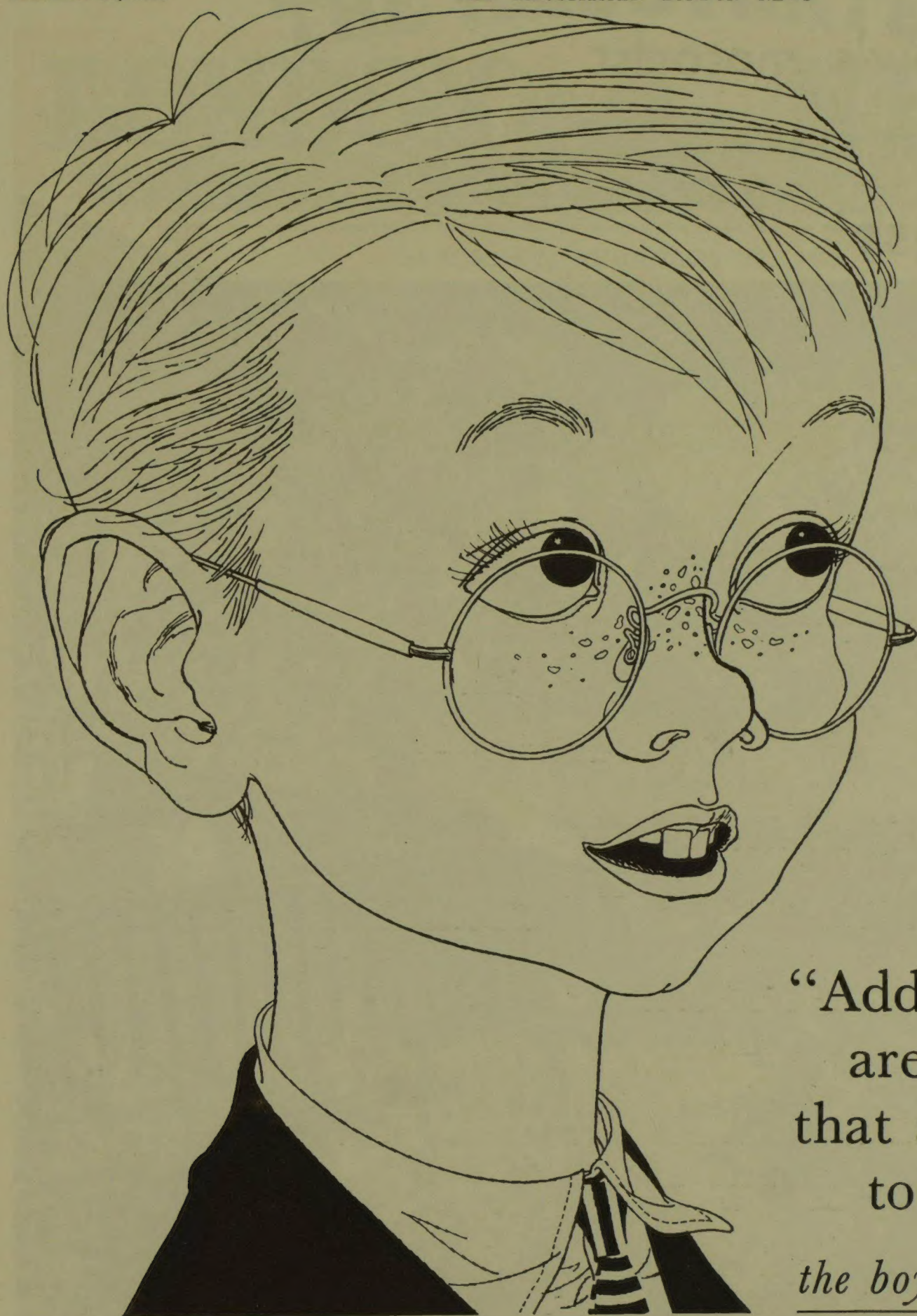
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1959.



FROM EXILE TO HONOURED GUEST: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (CENTRE) ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 15.

As a result of the proposals for an independent Cyprus put forward jointly by Greece and Turkey, a round-table conference was called for February 17 in London, Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutchuk being invited to attend as representatives of the Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot communities in the island respectively. Archbishop Makarios arrived by air from Athens on February 15 and was greeted at London Airport by wildly cheering crowds of Greek Cypriots resident in London. Dr. Kutchuk

also arrived by air later the same day. A small demonstration against Archbishop Makarios was later staged outside his hotel by the League of Empire Loyalists. At the time of writing, the principal outstanding points appeared to be the status of British bases in the island and whether an independent Cyprus would remain within the Commonwealth. The proposed agreement has also been attacked by Moscow and would seem not to be welcomed by Cypriot Communists.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LITTLE more than twenty years ago a British Prime Minister flew to the home of a foreign dictator who, secure in the possession of immense armaments and the implicit obedience of a propaganda-doped and dragooned nation, had declared his intention of overthrowing an international settlement by force if his unilateral demands were not met by a given date. The name of the Prime Minister was Neville Chamberlain and of the dictator he went to appease, Hitler. The name of the so-called pacific agreement, legalising and "satisfying" the dictator, was Munich. Its sequel was the Second World War, though whether the Second World War was the consequence of the Munich Agreement, as Sir Winston Churchill would seem to argue in the first volume of his famous account of that conflict, or was merely postponed for a year as a result of it, as certain formidable facts, ignored by Sir Winston, would seem to suggest, only history can decide. Personally, I am of the latter opinion.

History has a way of repeating itself, though scarcely ever, it has been said, in precisely the same form. At the moment it looks remarkably like doing so, though curiously enough, in the general delight at the news that Mr. Macmillan is flying to Moscow, no one seems as yet to have remarked on the close similarity of event and circumstance. Perhaps, like ostriches, we consider the parallel ill-omened and prefer to keep our heads in the sands of hope and wishful thinking. However, as a rogue ostrich, and as one who has tried being an ostrich before and reached certain conclusions from the experiment, I cannot refrain from lifting my neck and having a look round. And I am bound to admit, unreassuring though the spectacle is, that the parallel is painfully uncomfortable. Mr. Macmillan is going on an exploratory visit. Mr. Chamberlain, when he went to Berchtesgaden, was also going on an exploratory visit. Mr. Khrushchev is a very forceful, very able and very voluble man who is used in his own country to having his way, and is apt to get very angry and do exceedingly unpleasant things when prevented from getting it. Hitler was also a very forceful, able and voluble man who was used to having his own way and to doing exceedingly unpleasant things when prevented from getting it. Mr. Chamberlain was a business man who had come to high politics and summit power rather late in life. Mr. Macmillan is also a business man who has come to high politics and summit power rather late in life. Mr. Chamberlain, in his dealings with Hitler, was handicapped by the fact that the people he represented were anxious for peace at almost—though not quite—any price and, believing passionately that wanting permanent peace enough was the same as securing it, had gravely neglected their armaments, which the ruthless and uncompromising man whose intentions he had gone to explore had most decidedly not done. Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, was negotiating with one who, presented with the choice of opting between guns and butter, had chosen guns, while he, Mr. Chamberlain, with his umbrella, represented a nation of butter-chosers. Mr. Macmillan, saving the fact that we no longer make our own butter, is in the same uncomfortable position. So are we!

So much for the parallels in the two situations. There are some differences, and very important ones, though whether they are wholly favourable to us time alone can show. In 1938 the United States of America was hopelessly isolationist and possessed neither the will nor the means to act as a counterpoise to the military strength and

aggressive intentions of totalitarian Germany. To-day the United States is the leading Power in the Grand Alliance to preserve the threatened liberties of the world; indeed, without her there would be no Grand Alliance. Mr. Dulles is William III to Mr. Khrushchev's Louis Quatorze—in 1938 there was no William III to Hitler's *Grand Monarque* except Winston Churchill, who at that time was merely an isolated and supposedly obsolescent politician in opposition who represented no one except a little group of devoted friends encamped with him in the wilderness. To set, however, against this comforting fact—and for all Mr. Dulles's past mistakes, it is a very real

be concealed from the Germans at all costs, even at the cost of the Somme and Passchendaele and the monstrous injustice since done to the memory of a great British commander. And in 1938, though our own field Army was even smaller than it is to-day, Great Britain still possessed an immensely powerful Navy; a Navy that, though unseen, was more instrumental in saving us and halting Hitler in the terrible years that followed the Munich Agreement than even the *Spitfires* and *Hurricanes* of the Royal Air Force in 1940. To-day our Navy is less capable of defending us and our ocean life-lines by its own unaided efforts than at any time in our history, not through any defect in those who command and man it, but principally because we as a people have not been prepared during the past twelve years to make the sacrifices that a great sea-going and sea-dependent nation must make if it is to enjoy security. We have never, as Mr. Macmillan has reminded us, "had it so good," because we have elected to spend on our comforts the money that we ought to have spent on the maritime insurance premium that alone ensures our continuance. Russia's fleet of 500 ocean-going submarines—a far vaster one than either Tirpitz or Doenitz commanded—may still write on the page of history a tragic commentary on that folly, even though her all-destroying and suicidal atomic weapons are never used against us or our allies.

And the atomic weapon? Here, on the face of it, is the biggest difference of all between 1938 and 1959. In 1938 there was no atomic deterrent to war; in 1959 there is. But, as people are beginning to realise, it is an odd sort of deterrent. We and our allies—its real possessors on this side of the Iron Curtain—can threaten a potential aggressor that if he uses his superiority in conventional weapons to override international treaties and impose his will on others we will invoke the atomic weapon to destroy him. But as we can only do so at the expense of destroying ourselves we may prove somewhat reluctant to use it. Many of our rulers may have been at Eton like Captain Hook, but they are not all Captain Hooks! When it comes to the point, few men are.

So I am afraid that the Prime Minister's voyage of exploration is not likely to prove as easy as many at the moment hope and even believe. Yet though he will encounter a despot with great power behind him there are two circumstances which may operate in his favour and ours. One is that unlike the Germans—or at any rate the pre-1945 Germans—the Russians, though great fighters and great believers in military strength, are not a people who delight in war or enjoy war, even victorious war. I suspect that if Mr. Khrushchev wants his way—and everything in his career points to the fact that he does—he also wants peace, though whether he wants it as much as his way remains to be seen. The other is that Mr. Macmillan is one of the most skilful negotiators this or any other country has had for a very long time at the head of its affairs. Neville Chamberlain was a very able man, and a good and noble man, but he was an administrator rather than a negotiator. And strong men of great subtlety and courage understand one another, and I have a feeling that Mr. Khrushchev may understand Mr. Macmillan. For, as the poet has said,

there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth!



DIGNIFIED IN ITS NICHE IN GUILDHALL, LONDON: THE BRONZE STATUE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WHICH IS NOW INSTALLED IN THE GREAT HALL.

The final cast in bronze of Mr. Oscar Nemon's statue of Sir Winston Churchill has been installed in Guildhall, London. This has been commissioned by the Corporation of London in recognition of Sir Winston's outstanding services to this country and to the world at large, and as a token of the admiration of the Corporation. In June 1955 a plaster cast of this statue, coated with bronze, was unveiled in Guildhall by Sir Winston. On that occasion he referred to it as "a very good likeness." Since then Mr. Nemon has sought permission from the Corporation to make certain alterations to the hands and arms. This was granted, but when the artist wished to substitute an entirely new plaster cast from which the bronze cast should be made, permission was refused on the grounds that it was undesirable to have a statue different from the one already unveiled.

one—is the recollection that in 1938 there were two major military Continental Powers capable of being aligned against Hitler's Germany. One was Soviet Russia, who to-day—thrice as strong as she was then—is the potential aggressor; the other was France. And in 1938 we thought of the French Army rather as to-day we think of the American Air Force, as omnipotent. And we were wrong; even Sir Winston Churchill was wrong in this then almost universal supposition. We were fooled by our own propaganda, which went back to the days of the First World War when we and the French themselves pretended that the French Army was strong when, following its offensive disasters in Lorraine and on the Aisne, it was all but broken and the fact had to

TWO CONFERENCES—AT LONDON AIRPORT; AND THE ADMIRALTY.



"I GO TO THE CONFERENCE WITH THE UTMOST GOOD WILL AND FRIENDLINESS TOWARDS ALL...": ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS DURING HIS PRESS CONFERENCE AT LONDON AIRPORT.

On February 15, Archbishop Makarios, still in exile from Cyprus, arrived at London Airport from Athens to represent the Greek Cypriot people at the conference in London on the future of Cyprus, due to begin on February 17. After his arrival, the Archbishop (accompanied by two similarly-attired ecclesiastical dignitaries, who can be seen standing in the photograph)

read a statement at a Press conference at the Airport, refusing to answer questions. In his statement he said: "I go to the conference with the utmost good will and friendliness towards all, and particularly towards those with whom good relations have been temporarily disturbed." (Another photograph of the Archbishop's arrival is on the front page.)



THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECENT MEETING OF THE BOARD IN ITS CONFERENCE ROOM AT THE ADMIRALTY.

In this photograph, taken in the room at the Admiralty where for the past two centuries many of the momentous decisions in naval history have been made, are shown, from left to right, clockwise: Mr. C. I. Orr-Ewing, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty; the Hon. T. G. D. Galbraith, the Civil Lord; Vice-Admiral Sir Manley Power, Deputy Chief of Naval Staff and Fifth Sea Lord; Admiral Sir Caspar John, Vice-Chief of Naval Staff; Admiral

of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff; Mr. P. N. N. Synnott, acting as Secretary to the Board; the Earl of Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir John Lang, Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty; Vice-Admiral D. E. Holland-Martin, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel; Adm. Sir Peter Reid, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy; and Rear-Adm. N. A. Copeman, Fourth Sea Lord and Vice-Controller of the Navy.



A SMILING ROYAL VISITOR TO KENYA: THE QUEEN MOTHER'S TRIUMPHANT TOUR WHICH HAS TAKEN HER TO NAIROBI, MOMBASA AND TO THE

(Left.) DURING THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO EAST AFRICA, MR. AND MRS. NGALA BEING PRESENTED AT MOMBASA. MR. NGALA IS SECRETARY OF THE AFRICAN ELECTED MEMBERS' ORGANISATION. THE PEOPLE OF MOMBASA HAD ENTIRELY IGNORED A BOYCOTT.

(Right.) AT NAROK, THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDED A BARAZA, IN WHICH MASAI THIEVES IN 2-FT.-HIGH HEAD-DRESSES OF OSTRICH FEATHERS, AND IN FULL WAR-PAINT, GAVE HER A MAGNIFICENT WELCOME. JUST AFTERWARDS THERE WAS A DOWNPOUR—THE FIRST FOR WEEKS.



AS A SUDDEN SHOWER DESCENDS, SIR EVELYN BARING HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER THE QUEEN MOTHER AT MOMBASA, WHERE MASSES CROWDS CHEERED HER.



LEAVING NAIROBI CATHEDRAL AFTER ATTENDING A MORNING SERVICE THERE, THE ROYAL VISITOR WALKS WITH THE BISHOP OF MOMBASA AND THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, WATCHED BY EAGER CHILDREN.



IN MOMBASA HARBOUR THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHES TWO ARAB BOATS RACE EACH OTHER PAST THE LAUNCH. THE QUEEN MOTHER IS SEEN STANDING NEAR THE BOWS.



A PROCESSION OF CARS MARKS THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN MOTHER IN NAKURU, THE CENTRE OF A THRIVING FARMING AREA IN THE KENYA HIGHLANDS.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has been given an enthusiastic welcome all over Kenya, where she has been making her first visit for over thirty years. Before she landed at Nairobi in a Britannia aircraft on February 5, there had been some anxiety about the Royal tour, for some members of the Legislative Council, supported by Cairo Radio, had called for a boycott on the visit. But from the moment when she stepped from the aircraft wearing a gown of

jacaranda blue (Kenya's own colour), it was evident that the vast majority of Africans would not let any boycott hinder their enjoyment at welcoming a Royal visitor. Thousands of gaily-clothed Africans cheered wildly and waved flags as she passed in her car. They were clearly delighted that she had come, particularly as a year ago the Queen Mother's visit to Kenya was cancelled at the last minute. She was met at the airport by the Governor, Sir Evelyn

MOTHER'S TRIUMPHANT TOUR WHICH HAS TAKEN KENYA HIGHLANDS, AMID CHEERING CROWDS.



(Left.) ACCOMPANIED BY THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING, THE QUEEN MOTHER MET MASAI WARRIORS CARRYING THEIR TRADITIONAL FIGHTING SHIELDS AND WEARING HEAD-DRESSES MADE OF MANES OF LIONS WHICH THEY HAD KILLED SINGLE-HANDED.

(Right.) MASAI WARRIORS ASSEMBLED READY FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO NAROK, KENYA. THEIR BLACK AND WHITE OSTRICH FEATHERS SURROUND THEIR FACES, AND THEY CARRY SHIELDS, CLUBS AND SHORT SWORDS. THEY ARE DAUBED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN RED OCHRE.



AT MITCHELL PARK, NAIROBI, THE QUEEN MOTHER WENT TO A CHILDREN'S RALLY, WHERE SHE DROVE SLOWLY THROUGH THE RANKS OF 20,000 CHEERING SCHOOLCHILDREN—EUROPEAN, AFRICAN AND ASIAN.



THE PERFECT CURTSY FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR IS FROM THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF A TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN AT NAKURU.



AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE KENYA FARMERS' ASSOCIATION AT NAKURU, WHITE AND AFRICAN FARMERS LISTEN TO THE ROYAL VISITOR.



AT ELDORET, IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF KENYA, THE QUEEN MOTHER IS INTRODUCED TO THE GRANDCHILDREN OF MRS. JOANNA KRUGER AT THE KRUGER FARM.

Baring, and she smiled broadly as a sudden gust of wind plucked several swan feathers from the plume of his hat. She inspected a guard of honour formed by the King's African Rifles, and then drove to the city, where she was introduced to Ministers and members of the Legislative Council. She made a number of visits in Nairobi, before flying to Narok, where she was welcomed by a magnificent gathering of the Masai tribe. Addressing them she said,

"I hope you will be blessed with good rains." Within thirty minutes the first rain in weeks poured on to the assembled company, and the Masai shouted and waved their painted shields. On February 10 she received a similar welcome in Mombasa, and on February 12 began a two-day journey which took her into the heart of Kenya's spectacular highlands. She visited Nakuru, the centre of a flourishing agricultural area, where she gave praise to the farmers.

DEFENCE White Papers do not at the present stage create as keen an interest as in the recent past, for the good reason that they are following a programme already generally known. That of February 10, *Progress of the Five-Year Defence Plan*, contains, however, at least one striking feature. It is that the maximum figure for Army recruitment has been raised from 165,000 to 180,000 because recruiting has improved and, in view of fluctuations, it is desirable to aim at the higher figure in order to make sure that it does not fall below the lesser, which the Government still considers to be suitable. I shall not join in the derision with which this odd statement has been received. I may, however, mention that the extra 15,000 is about the figure which military advisers are believed to consider urgently necessary.

The total sum which it is proposed to spend on defence is up by about £50,000,000 to a total of £1,514,000,000. The Admiralty receives about £31,000,000 more than last year; the War Office stands still; the Air Ministry has a rise of £18,000,000. It has been decided that the type of missile best suited to British needs is the *Blue Streak*, and that it may be expected to be the eventual successor to the V-Bomber Force. The Ministry of Defence would seem to have become somewhat sceptical about the rôle of submarines equipped with missiles, or at least to feel that it may have been exaggerated; but there appears to have been no final decision on the development of those carrying the *Polaris* rocket. Some other points of interest include the stress laid on air equipment for limited war, trials of ground-to-air weapons, and a coming statement on pensions, which must surely involve some improvement.

It is to be hoped that the rise in the sum promised to the Navy will result in a certain amount of progress, which is badly needed. There is a White-hall technique in shipbuilding which has been unusually popular of late. A promising design is decided upon. Then comes a whisper that there is something far better just round the corner: how much wiser it would be to wait till next year and embody it! Next year arrives, but unhappily either the war-winner is not ready, or something still better has come above the horizon. And so, year by year, the Navy gets nothing and the ship or ships which required replacement become older and older. Announcements about the Navy thus arouse strong scepticism.

It cannot be doubted that its plight has now become really serious. I have mentioned the doubts expressed about the missile-firing submarine, from our point of view. When we put the problem in reverse, however, and consider the size and quality of the Russian submarine fleet, the threat it represents to our maritime communications is appalling. We recall what the struggle was like last time, realise that we have not got more than a small fraction of the resources which then only just sufficed, and wonder whether

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DEFENCE PROGRAMME DEVELOPMENTS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

we are right in our present anxiety. At least we must hope that this time the announcements mean what they say.

The Army will be happy in the prospect of getting more recruits, though, if they come in, they will not result in the salvation of a single one of the battalions and other units doomed to extinction. (When discussing this question I find people usually fail to realise that the reduction is a slow process: for instance, the Army has decreased only by 25,000 in the past financial year and is destined to drop another 65,000 in the next.) Any extra numbers available will be sent to foreign stations. But, so far as I can determine, 15,000 men will not go far to fill the holes in our pledges

Now it faces a threefold dilemma. In the first place, the risk of nuclear war has lessened, though this fact is not an argument against the retention of the deterrent. In the second place the nature of the deterrent is changing and in this rôle the R.A.F.'s prospect of survival in the long run is based on its going over to the relatively uninspiring task of manning rocket sites as "ground troops." In the third place, its survival in the air—also in the long run—is likely to depend largely on its ability to act in a supporting rôle to the other two services. This is not really humiliating. The Navy has for centuries "supported" the enterprises of the Army. But it will not be welcome to the R.A.F.

Perhaps the last sentence is an exaggeration. There have always been in the R.A.F. a number of far-sighted officers who have realised the importance of combined operations. In the junior ranks enthusiasm for them and skill in carrying them out have not been lacking. We may hope that these sentiments will spread. So long as

conventional or limited warfare remains a possibility the R.A.F. will be able to see fruitful tasks ahead. It is true that some of these will go to the Fleet Air Arm. The White Paper mentions the importance in this respect of the *N.A.39*, a Fleet Air Arm aircraft, as well as that of the *TSR 2*, an all-purpose aircraft for the tactical support of the Army and other operations.

The White Paper also makes it clear that unified command in theatres overseas is favoured. It states that such a command will be set up in the Mediterranean and that the system may be extended to the Far East. Experiment goes on in methods for obtaining suitable candidates for commissioned rank, of whom there has long been a shortage. Every effort is being made to ensure that men in the ranks who have the qualities necessary shall be given the opportunity to obtain regular and short-service commissions. As regards civil defence we are promised that particular attention will be given to the warning and monitoring organisation and that work for

the Royal Observer Corps will be accelerated.

This White Paper, like many of its predecessors, will come in for criticism. It may deserve this in some respects, but my own impression, as I turn over in my mind discussion before the First World War and the ludicrous succession of committees whose findings no one heeded in the period between the wars, is that thinking is generally clearer and more practical to-day. In 1914 we could not even clothe, much less arm, Kitchener's volunteers. Between the wars we dissipated every advantage and every tactical asset we had brought out of the First World War. To-day the planners face the problem, which did not appear in the earlier cases, that to attain a desirable strength might mean financial bankruptcy. In these circumstances I sympathise with them and feel that they have often been unfairly condemned. But I must conclude by saying that the White Paper contains a lot of gaps.



BRITAIN'S NEW LONG-RANGE SHIP-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILE, THE SEASLUG, NOW BEING DEVELOPED FOR SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW "COUNTY" CLASS DESTROYERS. IT HAS A RECORD OF EXTRAORDINARY ACCURACY.

The Defence White Paper for 1959-60, presented to Parliament on February 10, mentions the development of the two guided missiles shown above, which will go into service with the Royal Navy during the next few years. The *Seaslug*, developed by Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft Ltd., has been described as a most effective weapon for intercepting aircraft at long-range. The first ships to be equipped with this remarkably accurate missile will be the Royal Navy's new "County" class destroyers. The *Seacat* is essentially a short-range weapon, designed to attack aircraft which evade the outer defensive fighters and longer-range missiles. It is small, ingenious and manoeuvrable, can be ready for attack at any time, and is powered by a solid fuel motor. It will replace the 40-mm. Bofors gun with which the Navy is now equipped. The *Seacat* has been developed by Short Bros. and Harland Ltd. The White Paper proposes an increase of £49,000,000 in expenditure, to help equip the armed forces with up-to-date weapons. Among the other developments mentioned in the White Paper were air transportable anti-tank weapons, self-propelled guns, tracked vehicles and bridging equipment. A growing stock of kiloton bombs and megaton H-weapons is being steadily accumulated, and it is now proposed to raise the planned total of personnel in the Regular Army to 180,000 by the end of 1962, instead of 165,000. Overall the White Paper shows a balance between strategic nuclear weapons and conventional forces.



ALSO FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE SEACAT, A CLOSE-RANGE SHIP-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILE WHICH IS TO REPLACE THE 40-MM. BOFORS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. IT IS A SMALL AND HIGHLY-MANOEUVRABLE WEAPON.

about the size of the force we should maintain in Germany.

On the other hand, we are told that the Army has been making do with ageing vehicles, some of which date from the period of the last war. Since mechanical transport came in, it has been only very rarely that I recall hearing of its being in any other situation. The horse at least could not be improved on in its time, and its vehicles changed little and were indestructible. What are the prospects of any great degree of re-equipment when the Army, alone of the services, stands still in financial resources and is, at the same time, likely to have a number of other rises in its commitments? They would not seem to be very bright so far as the coming financial year is concerned.

The R.A.F. is in a curious situation at present. All its aspirations were for complete independence and the rôle of the unique victor in modern war.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



FRANCE. WHERE THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS ARE "TOP PEOPLE": A NEW TYPE OF TRAIN, DESTINED FOR SERVICE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE IN WHICH THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS ARE IN A "PANORAMIC" COMPARTMENT, ABOVE THE LUGGAGE, WITH SECOND-CLASS PASSENGERS AT FRONT AND REAR, "DOWNSTAIRS." IT WILL SERVE MARSEILLES, DIGNE AND NICE.



CHINA. A NEW TYPE OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO BE BUILT IN COMMUNIST CHINA, AT THE SIANGTANG PLANT. IT IS DESIGNED FOR SERVICE IN HUNAN ON THE PAOKI-FENGSHIEN SECTION OF THE PAOKI-CHENG TU RAILWAY, CHINA'S FIRST ELECTRIFIED SECTION. IT HAS A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 69 M.P.H.



GREECE. A WAR CRIMES TRIAL IN GREECE: MAX MERTEN, A FORMER GERMAN OFFICER, BETWEEN GENDARMES AT THE OPENING OF A SPECIAL COURT IN ATHENS. At a special Military War Crimes Court, presided over by Lieut.-General Kokoretsas, a German lawyer, Max Merten, formerly deputy commander of the Macedonian-Aegean area during the German occupation, has been charged with killing and torturing Greeks, Jews and Americans.



MARYLAND, U.S.A. THE MARTIN MACE GUIDED SURFACE-TO-SURFACE MISSILE, WHICH WILL SHORTLY REPLACE MATADORS WITH THE U.S.A.F. IN GERMANY. Early this spring the U.S.A.F.'s 587th Tactical Missile Group at Sembach are to have their Matador missiles replaced with Maces. The Mace can fly at extremely low altitudes almost immune from radar detection. Its range is over 650 miles at sonic speeds.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. A GLEAMING PRODUCTION LINE OF INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES: A ROW OF ATLAS MISSILES AT A SAN DIEGO PLANT. These stainless-steel cylinders, 75 ft. long with a 10-ft. diameter, are here seen with (top left) their booster sections drawn back for the simultaneous installation of two booster engines and sustainer engine at the Convair (Astronautics) Division of General Dynamics Corporation.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ADEN. RULERS OF THE WEST ADEN PROTECTORATE AND (EXTREME RIGHT) MR. LENNOX-BOYD WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST TO MARK THE NEW CONSTITUTION ON FEBRUARY 11.



ADEN. THE SHEIKH OF UPPER AULAQI (RIGHT) SIGNING THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW FEDERATION OF THE ARAB AMIRATES OF THE SOUTH. LEFT, THE GOVERNOR. On February 11 six States of the West Aden Protectorate—the Amirates of Beihan and Dhala, the Audhali, Fadhlī and Lower Yafa Sultanates and the Upper Aulaqi Sheikhdom—signed a new Federal constitution in the presence of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd.



LENINGRAD, RUSSIA. AT THE CONTROLS OF THE 16,000-TON LENIN, THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOM-POWERED ICE-BREAKER, CURRENTLY UNDERGOING PRE-SEA TRIALS AT HER MOORINGS AT LENINGRAD. SHE IS CLAIMED TO HAVE 1½ TIMES THE POWER OF A CONVENTIONAL ICE-BREAKER OF THE SAME TONNAGE.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH MAJOR-GENERAL HEATON (RIGHT) LEAVING THE HOSPITAL ON FEBRUARY 14 AFTER HE HAD LEARNED THAT MR. DULLES HAD HAD A RECURRENCE OF CANCER.



ST. ANTON, AUSTRIA. A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS TAKEN ON FEBRUARY 12 AT THE AUSTRIAN SKI-ING RESORT OF ST. ANTON, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN SPENDING A HOLIDAY.



KHARTOUM, SUDAN. PRESIDENT TITO (LEFT) OF YUGOSLAVIA WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUDAN, GENERAL ABBODD, ON HIS ARRIVAL FOR A WEEK'S VISIT. President Tito, whose extended tour is now approaching the Mediterranean again, arrived from Ethiopia by air at Khartoum on February 12 for a week's visit to the Sudan. He was met at the airport by General Abboud, with whom he drove through the streets of the city.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. FROGMEN ON ICE: SKIN-DIVERS OF HARTFORD RESCUING A LARGE COLLIE WHICH HAD BECOME STRANDED ON ICE IN THE RIVER SOME 100 YARDS FROM THE SHORE ON FEBRUARY 11.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)
U.S.A.
A NEW TRACKED GUN-CARRIAGE DEVELOPED FOR THE U.S. ARMY—WITH FOUR DIFFERENT USES, HERE MOUNTED WITH A 175-MM. GUN.
This new and lighter tracked gun-carriage is to be standard for the 175- and 155-mm. guns, the 8-in. howitzer and the standard "wrecker." Cheaper and more mobile than previous models, it also simplifies spare-part stocking. The advantages of such standardisation are, of course, obvious, especially in the matters of production and supply, and, which is much more important, as regards maintenance in the field.



U.S.A. THE NEW STANDARD GUN-CARRIAGE WITH HERE (FOREGROUND) A 155-MM. GUN AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) A 175-MM. GUN.



SWITZERLAND. WHERE A SLOWLY-MOVING LANDSLIDE* HAS BEEN THREATENING THE VILLAGE OF HERBRIGGEN. (IN CIRCLE.)



SWITZERLAND. VILLAGERS OF HERBRIGGEN REMOVING ON SLEDS THE FURNITURE FROM THEIR THREATENED HOUSES ON FEBRUARY 10.

On February 8 the pilot of an aircraft reported that a mass of earth, rock and ice was moving slowly on the slopes of the Nadelhorn and threatened to engulf the small village of Herbriggen (between Visp and Zermatt). Evacuation of the village, far below, began on February 9. The rate of the slide, however, decreased and engineers were hopeful of being able to build barrages and so hold back the mass of rock and earth with some security.



ALGERIA. THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. MICHEL DEBRÉ (LEFT), SHAKING HANDS WITH GENERAL MASSU DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ALGIERS.
On February 8 M. Debré went by air for a three-day visit to Algiers, his first visit since he became Prime Minister. On February 9 while laying a wreath at the war memorial he was booed by a crowd of young European extremists, for his measures of clemency to some Algerian nationalists.



THE VATICAN. HIS HOLINESS THE POPE (LEFT) AND CARDINAL TARDINI LEAVE THE LOURDES SHRINE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS AFTER PRAYERS THERE. THIS REPLICA OF THE LOURDES GROTTO WAS PRESENTED BY FRENCH CATHOLICS IN 1905. IT STANDS NEAR THE CASINO DI LEONE XIII.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



WEST GERMANY. WHIPPING IN UNISON: COMPETITORS IN A TRADITIONAL BAVARIAN SPORT IN ACTION NEAR BAD REICHENHALL.

A traditional whipping competition was held near Bad Reichenhall, in Bavaria, on February 8. Twenty-six groups of whippers were present to take part in the contest, in which the group deemed to have cracked their whips most in unison is the winner.



KANSAS, U.S.A. MISS MARY COLLINGWOOD WINNING THE SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE AGAINST OLNEY, BUCKS., FOR LIBERAL.

The women of Liberal, Kansas (pop. 12,000), won the pancake race against those of Olney (pop. 2400) on February 10, levelling the series at five all. Miss Collingwood ran—with pancake—the 415-yard course in 1 min. 8.8. secs., nearly 7 secs. faster than the leading Englishwoman.



ROME, ITALY. GOOD FOR ANOTHER 2000 YEARS? THE RECENTLY RESTORED COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS. This column, on which are bas-reliefs recording Marcus Aurelius' Germanic and Sarmatian wars, after being in danger of collapse, has been successfully restored by Sig. Carmine Benedine, using a secret process.



CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. AUSTRALIA'S HIGHEST BUILDING AND FIRST SKYSCRAPER APPROVED.

This artist's impression shows the 26-storey office block to be built by the Australian Mutual Provident Society. 370 ft. high and due for completion in 1961, the planned building has been approved. (Architects: Peddle, Thorp and Walker, Sydney.)



CAIRO, EGYPT. A STATUE INTENDED TO REPRESENT THE STATE OF ISRAEL—A FEATURE OF THE MILITARY PARADE DURING THE AFRO-ASIAN YOUTH CONFERENCE, WHICH PRESIDENT NASSER ATTENDED. IT WAS DEMOLISHED BY EGYPTIAN TROOPS DURING THE ENTERTAINMENT.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. A GAUGUIN DISCOVERY: THREE DRAWINGS DISCOVERED ON THE BACK OF PASTEL "STANDING TAHITIAN NUDE," AND PREVIOUSLY CONCEALED.

During remounting of the Gauguin pastel "Standing Tahitian Nude (Eve)" at the Art Institute of Chicago, these three drawings were discovered on the back. It is estimated that this find increases the work's value from about £20,000 to about £27,000. The owners are Mr. and Mrs. John Cowles.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. AT THE CHICAGO NATIONAL BOAT SHOW: A BRITISH-MADE SURVIVAL-COT FOR A BABY, INFLATED BY A PULL ON THE TOGGLE. This survival-cot for a baby exhibited at Chicago by Beaufort Air-Sea Equipment of Birkenhead is inflated from a CO₂ cylinder and is basically like the life raft which proved so valuable in the wreck of the *Freya*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR CANADA.

"THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM." By BRIAN CONNELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS present year is notably prolific in anniversaries of one sort or another, and the capture of Quebec by Wolfe on September 13, 1759, is by no means the least important of the events to be commemorated, since it changed the fate of North America. For that reason the present instructive volume is much to be welcomed; in it the author has very skilfully picked his way through the tangled politics of the period, and has shown why and wherefore French and British armies fought one another on the Plains of Abraham that particular day. It is the great merit of the book that all the relevant factors are carefully weighed, and the interaction of policies on both sides of the Atlantic is, on the whole, analysed objectively, though Mr. Connell makes no great effort to disguise his dislike of Madame de Pompadour and the Roman Catholic Church. Still, a little prejudice always makes for more interesting reading, and the author is throughout scrupulously fair to the French, which increases the appeal of his narrative to those of us whose ancestors, for whatever reason, fought under the Lilies of France.

In painting in the background of the struggle Mr. Connell is at considerable pains to emphasise the importance of the Indians, though he understandably sees nothing romantic in these singularly unattractive savages. Those who have not studied the period carefully may well wonder why, on the whole, the Redskins inclined to the French, and our author gives us the reason:

Of all the European races who had settled on the American continent, the French knew best how to handle the Indians. Where the Spaniards in the south round the Gulf of Mexico crushed and cowed the natives, and the British treated them as dishonest servants, to be cuffed and kicked, but otherwise ignored, the French had the affinity and quickness of mind to treat them as equals. They understood their capriciousness and pride, their braggart instability. The French would listen patiently to the mad tangents of argument, endure their endless harangues and allow them to think that they were being consulted. They cultivated their friendship, played on their fears, and fed their resentments.

On the other hand, the French quite often proved unable to control their native allies, with the result that the fiendish cruelty of the Indians, of which several very choice examples are to be found in these pages, had the effect of uniting the British colonists to an extent which might otherwise have proved impossible, so that in the end these savage auxiliaries were more of a liability than an asset to the French: they were more interested in collecting scalps than in adding to the laurels of the Most Christian King.

It was well that there should have been some centripetal influences at work on the British side, for until faced with the immediate prospect of becoming a French province after the disaster of Monongahela, each of the colonies was a complete law unto itself. James II had endeavoured to effect a union among them, but the attempt had been abandoned after the Revolution, when it was even held against him as evidence of his tyrannical intentions. Thereafter, in matters of defence, there was to be found a chaos comparable with that which existed before the genesis. In the War of the Spanish Succession the colonies each went more or less its own way, and Pennsylvania can hardly be said to have been at war at all, for out of gratitude for the sympathy which the Quakers had evinced for the Jacobite cause, the exiled James II persuaded Louis XIV to issue instructions to the effect that ships registered in Philadelphia were to be excluded from the operations of the French privateers. The colonies were more closely concerned with the War of the Austrian Succession in the middle of the eighteenth century, when, to quote the well-known lines of Macaulay, that Frederick the Great "might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red

men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." All the same, the British settlers continued to eye one another askance.

In these circumstances it was fortunate for them that in Canada, although a unitary dependency of France, there were such never-ending differences as frequently to nullify the supremacy of French arms, and this state of affairs continued until the end of French rule in North America, as was seen in the extremely strained relations between Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, and Montcalm, the Commander-in-Chief. Not that the



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WOLFE, THE MORTALLY SICK MILITARY COMMANDER WHO BROKE THE FRENCH POWER IN NORTH AMERICA. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.



THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM BEHIND QUEBEC, AS WOLFE WOULD HAVE SEEN THEM DURING HIS LAST RECONNAISSANCE. ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM," BY MR. BRIAN CONNELL. Illustrations reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.

French had any monopoly of these dissensions in the High Command, for they could easily be paralleled by the strains and stresses which existed in similar circles in the British colonies; while both there and in Canada there was the same mutual suspicion between the officials, civil and military, who had come out from London or Paris, on the one hand, and the colonists on the other: the suspicion created at that time was, after the French were gone, not the least of the causes of the War of American Independence.

After a series of incompetents Britain did at last, once the Elder Pitt was at the helm, send out the right men to America in the persons of Amherst and Wolfe. On them Mr. Connell comments:

He (i.e., Amherst) and Wolfe provided the perfect combination of generalship which emerges from time to time in British military history. Amherst was the

master of the planned operation, an eighteenth-century Montgomery, meticulous, thorough, leaving nothing to chance. Wolfe, quicksilver to his solid iron, was the improviser of genius.

Of Wolfe himself, a man of modest origin, the author paints a less attractive picture than is usually presented. As a soldier there was little or nothing to

criticise in him, and it was well for the Americans that he was not alive in 1776, but as a man he is shown here as leaving a good deal to be desired. His letters after Culloden would seem to disprove the story of his humanity on the morrow of that battle when he is said to have offered to resign his commission rather than pistol a wounded Highlander, and to depict him more as a general of the school of the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland. Perhaps the Jacobites who fought with Montcalm at Quebec had more reason than is commonly supposed to fear their fate if they fell into the hands of Wolfe.

Montcalm was a very different type:

He was the best type of provincial nobleman. His family had fought the King of France's battles since the Middle Ages, leaving countless members of their clan dead in the field, but presenting themselves anew with each generation eager for service, courageous, indomitable, and incorruptible. They came from the Midi and Louis-Joseph was true to type, a little lively man with a vehement, tumbling manner of speaking and an infinity of quick gesture. "Lively as a squirrel," a contemporary called him. For all his vivacity he had a proud air, with his aquiline nose and large black eyes, rendered even more sparkling by the white powder of his wig. He had an extraordinary record of gallantry in the field and the marks of several wounds, gained in desperate combat, on his person.

To-day, as all the world knows, there stands in the public gardens of Quebec an obelisk of which one face carries the name of Wolfe and the other that of Montcalm: the inscription on it reads, "*Mortem virtus communem famam historia monumentum posteritas dedit.*" It may be said without fear of contradiction that this monument, while commemorating the past in the persons of the two great soldiers, also points to the future, for it was the fusion of the two civilisations for which they respectfully laid down their lives which has made Canada a Power of ever-increasing importance in the modern world.

Mr. Connell also sees in this campaign the rise to fame of George Washington and there is something in the claim, but it can be pushed too far. He certainly learnt a good deal about soldiering, as well as about the weaknesses of the British military system, at this time, and his strategical views were, on the whole, very sound, but I find it difficult to believe that he played anything but a minor role, certainly not one important enough to justify a portrait of him as the frontispiece of a history of the overthrow of the French regime in Canada; a photograph of the Quebec obelisk would have filled the bill far better. On the other hand, the author is unquestionably right when he concludes with the words, "The inflammatory disagreements between colonies and mother country arose from the effects of Wolfe's victory and the peace settlement that followed it."



MR. BRIAN CONNELL, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Brian Connell, who is 42, is the foreign affairs commentator for Independent Television News, and has been correspondent in four continents for Reuters, the *Daily Mail* and the *News Chronicle*. In addition, he is a political commentator in the Spanish, German and French services of the B.B.C. He has written several notable books, including "Watcher on the Rhine," an account of post-war Germany, and "Knight Errant," a biography of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

*"The Plains of Abraham." By Brian Connell. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 27s.)

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

I. THE EARTH.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

FROM an astronomical point of view the Earth, set as it is in possibly limitless space, appears as an insignificant speck of dust compared with the mighty objects that comprise the cosmos. Yet man is still confined entirely to it, and for him for this reason it takes on an importance outweighing all the rest of the universe. The study of its natural properties is forced upon man, in some form or other, whether he realises it or not, and from time immemorial he has been concerned with some kinds of geophysics and geobiology, however crude the forms these may have taken. To-day geophysics forms a great expanding branch of modern science of the utmost importance to industry in all its ramifications, but also of great interest and excitement for pure science, that is from the standpoint of pure knowledge without any special immediate objective in mind other than that of understanding the world in which we live.

On this purely scientific side there arises the great question of the origin of the Earth, how long ago it may have been formed, and what may be its ultimate fate. But such matters can only begin to be tackled scientifically when there first exists a sound body of knowledge of what the Earth is really like and what scientific principles and laws apply to it. The Earth turns out to be a far more complex object than the smooth coloured spheres of our childhood geography lessons, when we were told it was three-fourths covered by water, and one-quarter by land, and so almost all research has had to be directed, and still is, to finding out what the Earth is like. But here, too, there is difficulty. The forces at man's disposal (until recently anyway) were extremely weak compared with those involved and only the most superficial layer of the vast surface is accessible to direct investigation. The deepest borings have penetrated only about 5 miles down, so that discovering anything about the underlying regions that extend down almost 4000 miles to the Earth's centre can be effected only by theoretical methods. The principal means at present available involve the timing of vibrational waves, due largely to naturally occurring earthquakes, though artificially produced vibrations are coming more and more into use: a powerful atom-bomb produces a disturbance comparable with a modest earthquake. Differences of density and sudden change from one region to the next in the nature of the material within the Earth produce refractions (bendings) and reflections of the rays by which the waves of disturbance travel, and their times of arrival at different recording stations can be analysed to reveal the structure of the interior in much detail.

Under the continents, it is first found that a very marked change in speed of earthquake waves occurs at a depth of about 20-25 miles. Under the oceans the same sort of change occurs but at appreciably less depth, while under mountain ranges it occurs somewhat deeper. The material above this forms the so-called "Moho layer," named after Mohorovicic, who first detected its existence from his studies of a Balkan earthquake half a century ago. The existence of this comparatively thin "crust" can nowadays be established by echo-soundings from explosions let off at the surface, either on land or at sea.

It was early conjectured, though long before this Moho discontinuity had been found, that the Earth's outer layers consisted of a thin solid crust 50 miles or so thick which was all that protected us from a molten liquid inferno that formed the entire interior. Now, however, it is known that

the Earth continues as a solid of increasing rigidity right down to 1800 miles below the surface. Nevertheless, it cannot be that this so called "mantle" is an absolutely continuous and uniform structure everywhere down to that depth, for there is the clearest evidence that lighter material such as water and lava come up through it to be released at the surface whenever volcanic activity breaks out.

There are two main types of earthquake waves called the P and S waves (sometimes Push and Shake waves). The first type can travel either in solids or liquids, since their vibrations take place lengthwise in the general direction that the waves travel. But in the second type the vibrations are sideways, and these have the important feature that they can only travel through a solid. It is found that whereas both types of waves occur in the solid mantle, only the first type occurs in the core, and this is the key to the discovery that the central core must be liquid. It occupies the central region below the 1800-mile-deep mantle, and has

jump to about 9.5, while at the extreme centre the value may be 15 or even higher.

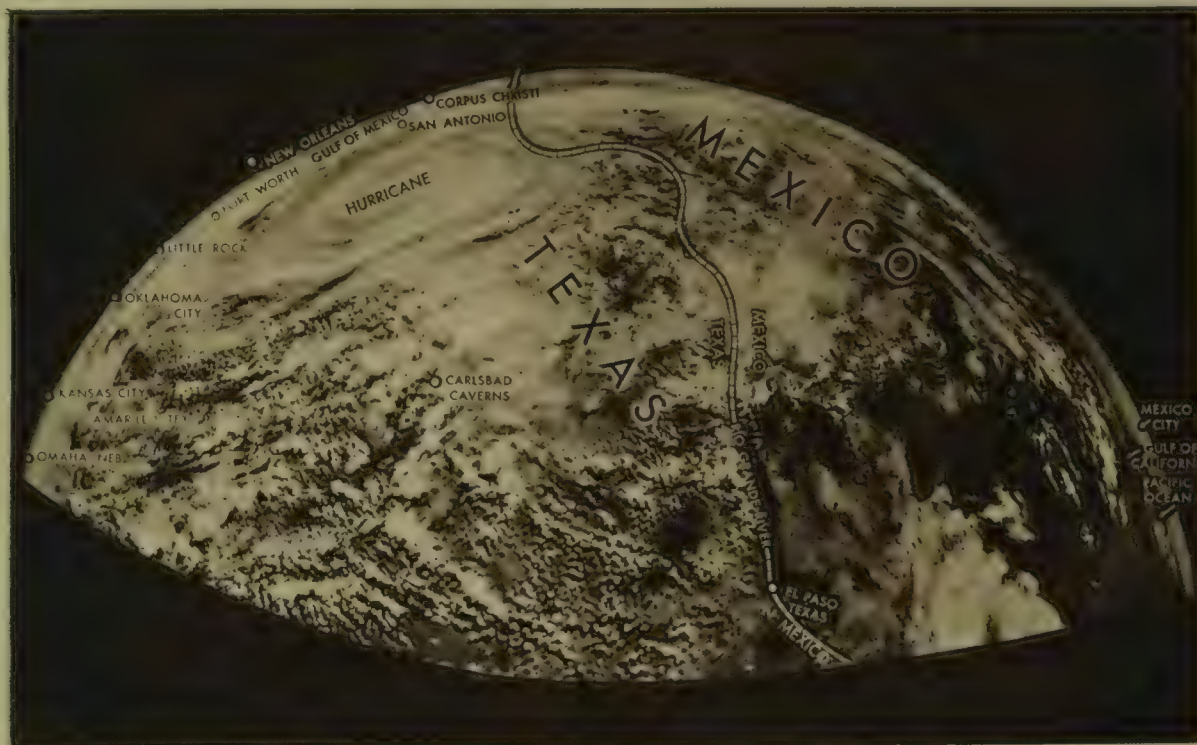
By their speeds of travel, earthquake waves also reveal the nature of the material through which they pass. The topmost layers can be identified with granite and basalt, while the deepest part of the mantle evidently consists of rocky material similar to the densest rocks ever found at the surface, though compressed, of course, to correspondingly greater density. The liquid core is believed to consist almost entirely of molten iron with possibly some nickel mixed. Thus the general make-up of the whole Earth is about 35 per cent. iron (and nickel) and 64.6 per cent. dense rock as the main forms, with granite (0.36 per cent.), sedimentary rocks (0.016 per cent.), and the oceans (0.024 per cent.), making almost negligible contribution to the whole mass. Chemical analysis of representative samples of the surface layers reveals the surprising feature that heavy elements are by far the most abundant, oxygen (46 per cent.), silicon (28 per cent.), aluminium (8 per cent.), iron (5 per cent.) being in greatest abundance, while the lightest elements, hydrogen and helium, comprise little more than 0.1 per cent. This conclusion is surprising because where the universe as a whole is concerned, hydrogen is now known to be by far the most abundant element, forming well over 90 per cent. of the composition of stars, over 99 per cent. of the material in interstellar space, and possibly 100 per cent. of the contents

of intergalactic space, as we shall see later in these articles. So our Earth turns out to be of exceptional composition, and not just a sample of ordinary cosmical material, stellar or interstellar, by any means.

The physical conditions in the interior of the Earth are also fairly well known. In terms of the familiar atmospheric pressure of 15 lb. per sq. in. as unit, the internal pressures are enormous. At the interface of the mantle and core, the pressure must be about 1,300,000 atmospheres (over 10,000 tons per sq. in.) to support the overlying weight of the Earth, while at the very centre it has risen to nearly three times as great even as this. These values are known fairly precisely, but the internal temperature is more difficult to settle accurately. To begin with as we go down from the surface, the temperature increases rapidly by about 30 degs. Centigrade for

every mile of depth. But such a rate could not keep on down indefinitely without soon reaching a value that would be high enough to melt the rocky mantle. Its solid nature, in fact, sets a limit of about 5000 degs. C. for the value at the boundary with the liquid core, and on almost all bases of calculation the further increase within the core cannot lead to a central value higher than 10,000 degs. C. These are the high limits, and it is entirely possible that the actual values are considerably lower, even perhaps as low as 2000 degs. C. for the core if the only requirement is for it to remain in liquid form.

Where the age of the Earth is concerned, the phenomenon of radioactivity nowadays provides a far more reliable means of estimating it than any of the older palaeontological and structural methods, since it enables the absolute times since solidification of rock specimens to be determined with far superior accuracy. Radioactive uranium, wherever it may occur, decays at a perfectly steady rate to lead, one half of any given quantity being transmuted to lead in 700,000,000 years for the isotope U 235, and in 4,500,000,000 years for the isotope U 238. Chemical analysis to find the ratio of lead to uranium in any solid rock specimen, making due allowance for any possible extraneous additions or losses, leads to a determination of its age from the time the pure uranium got into it. With improving techniques based on this principle, the estimated age of the Earth as a whole now seems to be converging steadily to the value 4,500,000,000 years. At any time earlier than this the Earth cannot have existed in its present form, and thus radioactivity has enabled physicists to put a date to the origin of the Earth and possibly along with it of the planetary system itself.



A STRIKING COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE. THE HORIZON EXTENDS 2800 MILES FROM OMAHA, NEBRASKA, ON THE LEFT, TO THE LOWER GULF OF CALIFORNIA (IN MEXICO) ON THE RIGHT. This official United States Navy photograph is made up from 310 prints from a colour motion film shot from an Aerobee rocket at an altitude of about 100 miles. Parts of nine States and the whole of Texas are shown. The rocket was fired from the White Sands proving grounds in New Mexico.

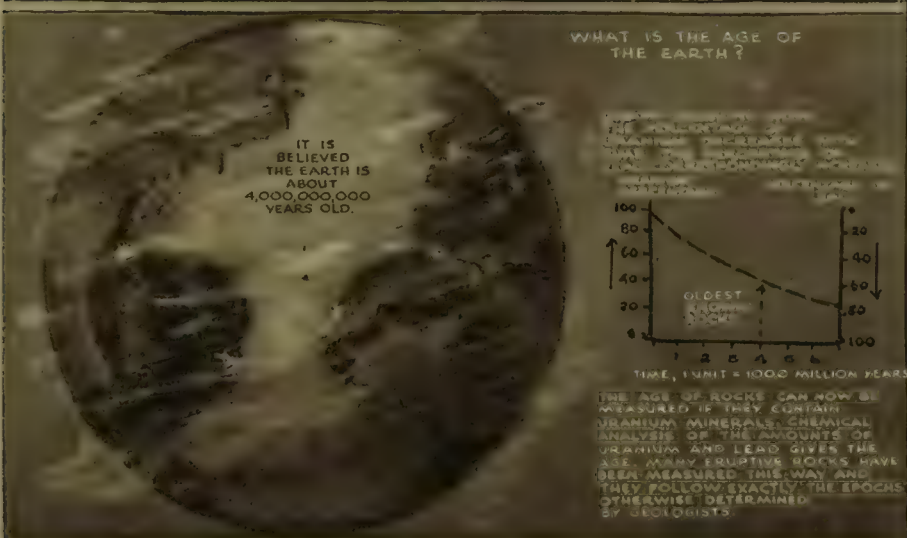
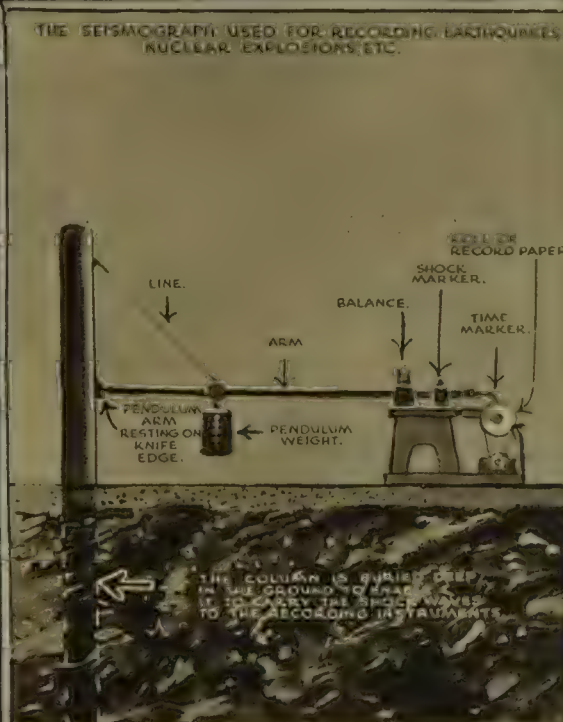
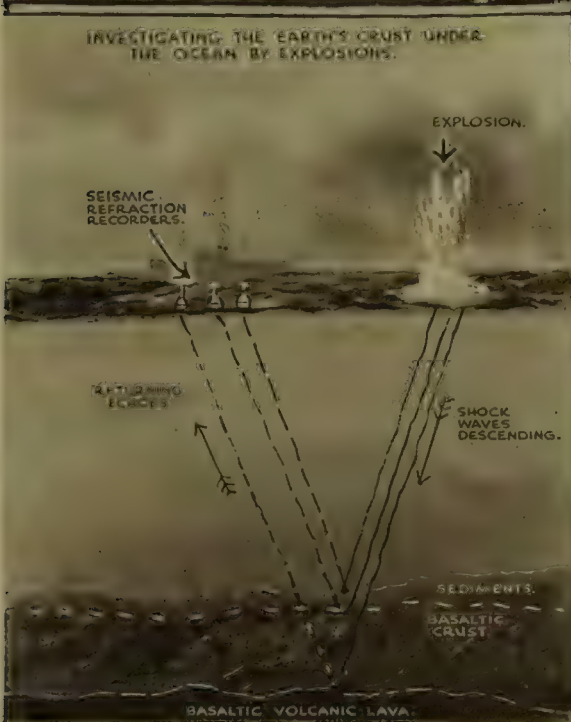
therefore a radius of about 2200 miles. It now seems probable that this liquid core itself contains a solid central region some 750 miles in radius.

The average density of the whole Earth is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that of water itself, but the increasing pressure as we go down is accompanied all along by increasing density. Immediately below the Moho layer the density is about 3.3; it then increases gradually all the way to the bottom of the mantle where it has risen to about 5.5. At this depth as we pass into the core there is a sudden

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

In the coming weeks, Dr. R. A. Lyttleton, noted British astronomer, will be writing in *The Illustrated London News* on other aspects of the exciting and mysterious universe. His articles, the first of which appears on this page, will be published weekly in the forthcoming issues as follows, and will be accompanied by a full page of illustrations by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.

2. Terrestrial Meteorite Craters.
3. The Planets.
4. Mars.
5. The Origin of the Solar System.
6. The Comets.
7. The Origin of Comets.
8. The Sun.
9. Our Galaxy.
10. The Stars.
11. The Universe of Galaxies.
12. The Expanding Universe.



THE EARTH—THE EXCITING STUDY OF OUR "INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF DUST SET IN POSSIBLY LIMITLESS SPACE."

In the first of his drawings accompanying Dr. Lyttleton's series of articles (beginning this week) on the fascinating and strange universe in which we exist, Mr. Davis illustrates some facts about the Earth as we now know it. Geophysics—the study of the Earth—is, as Dr. Lyttleton points out, an expanding branch of modern science of the utmost importance to industry in all its forms, and also of the greatest interest for pure science. Until recently, the equipment at man's disposal for tackling the immense problem of investigating the Earth thoroughly has been very limited, only the most

superficial layer of the Earth's vast surface being accessible to direct investigation. Although the deepest borings into the Earth's crust have penetrated only five miles, Dr. Lyttleton explains how the measurement of vibrational waves has enabled scientists to gain information about conditions existing at far greater depths. Methods used in this work, and the way in which the study of uranium-bearing minerals enables the Earth's age to be computed are illustrated by Mr. Davis. (The subjects of the articles and illustrations in the rest of this series are listed on the opposite page.)

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of R. A. Lyttleton, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

ANCHORS AND AMPHORÆ: FIRST FINDS FROM SICILY'S UNDERWATER WRECKS.



FIG. 1. AS THE SKIN-DIVER FIRST SEES THEM: A GROUP OF AMPHORÆ ON THE SEA-BED IN THE GREAT HARBOUR OF SYRACUSE. THESE BELONG TO THE SEVENTH-SIXTH CENTURY B.C. (SEE FIG. 2).



FIG. 2. AMPHORA FRAGMENTS FROM THE GROUP SHOWN IN FIG. 1. THIS SITE, NEAR THE HARBOUR MOUTH AT SYRACUSE, IS MUCH EARLIER THAN MOST AND PERHAPS DATES FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREEK COLONY.

UNDERWATER archaeology, which formerly relied on the chance finds of sponge-fishers, the accidents of trawling and such elaborate and costly operations as that staged off the North African coast at Mahdia early in the century, has received a great stimulus by the invention (and popularising) of convenient breathing apparatus for skin-divers which enables them to work easily for considerable periods under water. There are, of course, still complications. The waters of the Mediterranean, though rich in ancient wrecks and submerged towns, are nevertheless vast; and treasures must be found before they can be recovered. And it is at this point that systematic surveys like that organised by Don Piero Gargallo (and described on page 300) have such a vital part to play. The examples shown are all of ancient wrecks, but several sites have been found of the submerged townships especially on the west and northern coasts of the island.

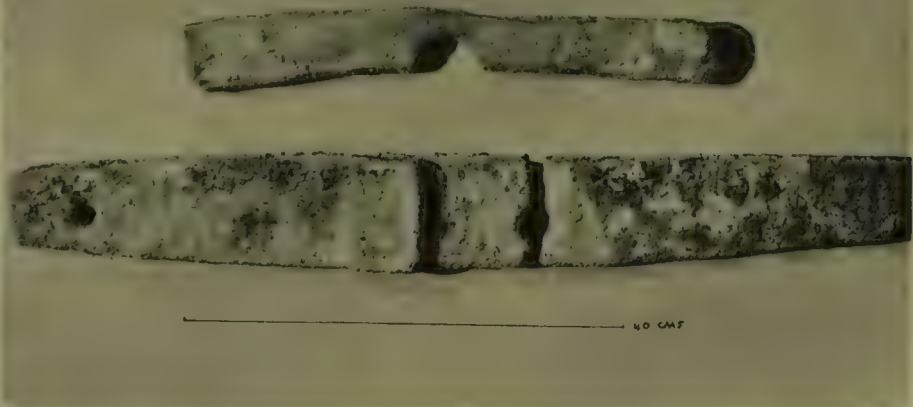


FIG. 3. TWO LEAD ANCHORS OF A TYPE DIFFERENT FROM (AND PERHAPS EARLIER THAN) THOSE IN FIG. 4. THE SMALL HOLE, LEFT IN THE LARGER ANCHOR, MAY HAVE BEEN FOR A DISENGAGING ROPE. (SITE 4.)



FIG. 4. SOME OF THE ROMAN PERIOD LEAD ANCHORS FOUND AT SANTA PANAGIA (SITE 1, FIG. 11). SIMILAR ANCHORS HAVE BEEN FOUND AT OTHER MEDITERRANEAN SITES AND IN LAKE NEMI.



FIG. 5. AMPHORA NECKS OF VARYING TYPES, OF THE ROMAN PERIOD FROM SITE 2 (THE LITTLE HARBOUR AT SYRACUSE). AMPHORÆ ARE EASILY FOUND AND ATTRACTIVE TO THE AMATEUR DIVER.



FIG. 6. A WOODEN PLANK FROM THE WRECK AT MARZAMEMI (FIG. 7), SHOWING AN OBLIQUE SAW-CUT, WOODEN PEGS AND BRONZE NAILS, PROBABLY USED FOR ATTACHING LEAD SHEATHING TO THE PROW.

"FULL FATHOM FIVE" AMONG THE WRECKS OF SICILY'S ANCIENT HISTORY.



FIG. 7. A PROW OF A SHIP EMERGING FROM THE OOZE OFF MARZAMEMI BUT A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CARGO OF COLUMNS (SEE FIG. 10) WHICH APPEARS NOT TO BE RELATED TO IT. SEE ALSO FIG. 6.



FIG. 9. RAISING A LARGE POTTERY VESSEL IN THE LITTLE HARBOUR AT SYRACUSE—AN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SUMMARISES THE ROMANCE AND THE GRACE OF THESE SUBMARINE SURVEYS.



FIG. 8. LIFTING AN AMPHORA IN THE LITTLE HARBOUR AT SYRACUSE. THIS VERY RICH AND HISTORIC SITE IS TO BE THE SCENE OF INTENSIVE WORK, STARTING IN MARCH THIS YEAR.

THE photographs reproduced on these two pages illustrate the article by Mrs. Guido on page 300 and were taken during the course of a series of archaeological underwater surveys carried on by Don Piero Gargallo round the coast of Sicily, last summer. This was by way of a reconnaissance and much work lies ahead. This will be backed, though not financed, by the two *Soprintendenze alle Antichità* for East and West Sicily and will be under the auspices of the newly-formed *Istituto Mediterraneo di Archeologia Sottomarina*. When one thinks of the riches of the innumerable ancient Greek colonies round the coast of Sicily and their lively history, it is clear that this is a project with limitless possibilities of discovery, both historical and artistic.



FIG. 10. DON PIERO GARGALLO EXAMINING UNDERWATER A LARGE FLUTED COLUMN UNIT OF GREEK MARBLE, ONE OF SEVERAL FOUND AT THE MARZAMEMI SITE (FIG. 12), ASSOCIATED WITH AMPHORÆ.

ARCHÆOLOGY WITHOUT DIGGING: FIRST REPORTS OF AN UNDERWATER SURVEY OF THE COASTS AND ANCIENT HARBOURS OF SICILY

By MARGARET GUIDO, F.S.A.

UNDERWATER exploration was first begun in the Syracuse area several years ago when the late Mr. A. Warden Baker, then British Vice-Consul, made some preliminary research in the entrance to the Great Harbour, in the hope of locating some of the Greek or Syracusan ships

currents; in this case the groups cannot be studied collectively. Of the sites shown on the map the following groups—1, 3, 4, 5, 9 and 10—fall into the first category and can briefly be summarised here.

Site 1. Santa Panagia (the ancient Trogylus). A line of regularly-placed lead anchor stocks



FIG. 11. A MAP OF SICILY, AND (RIGHT) A DETAIL SHOWING THE VARIOUS SITES WHERE UNDERWATER ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH HAS BEEN PUT IN HAND DURING 1958. PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE FINDS ARE REPRODUCED ON PAGES 298-299.

sunk in the famous battles of the late fifth century B.C. and described so vividly by Thucydides.

A large quantity of material, amphoræ, etc., was discovered, but its archaeological importance was restricted, since no actual wrecked ship was found, and consequently no finds constituting a closed archaeological group were made available for study. Mr. Warden Baker carried out valuable pioneer work, and it had been his intention to return to Syracuse to do more. His unexpected death has recently been announced and has robbed the subject of a great enthusiast.

This initial work has been carried a great deal further this last summer by Don Piero Gargallo, who, at first on his own, and later with a team of experienced divers and photographers, employed by him, has succeeded in locating a number of wrecked ships and other sites along the coast. So important is this research that the *Soprintendenza alle Antichità* for both East and West Sicily are sponsoring further work to comprehend a complete record of ancient wrecks or their cargoes, as well as partially-submerged cities of classical times, for the whole coast of Sicily and the Aeolian Islands. These sites are, moreover, protected from illicit treasure-seeking, such as has taken place with considerable loss to archaeological knowledge, in the south of France and elsewhere.

The map (Fig. 11) shows the area of initial research, the coast between Augusta and Capo Passero, on the south-east angle of the island. Not all of these sites, naturally, are of equal importance, and all of them are only in the earliest stages of exploration. Moreover, it is necessary to discriminate between, on the one hand, groups of objects such as marble columns, lead anchors, or heavy amphoræ which, when found collectively, must represent either a jettison cargo or a wreck (and in either case, therefore, archaeologically contemporary), and on the other hand, small, lighter objects fortuitously found together, perhaps in a crevice in the underlying rock, into which they may have been scoured by the action of sea

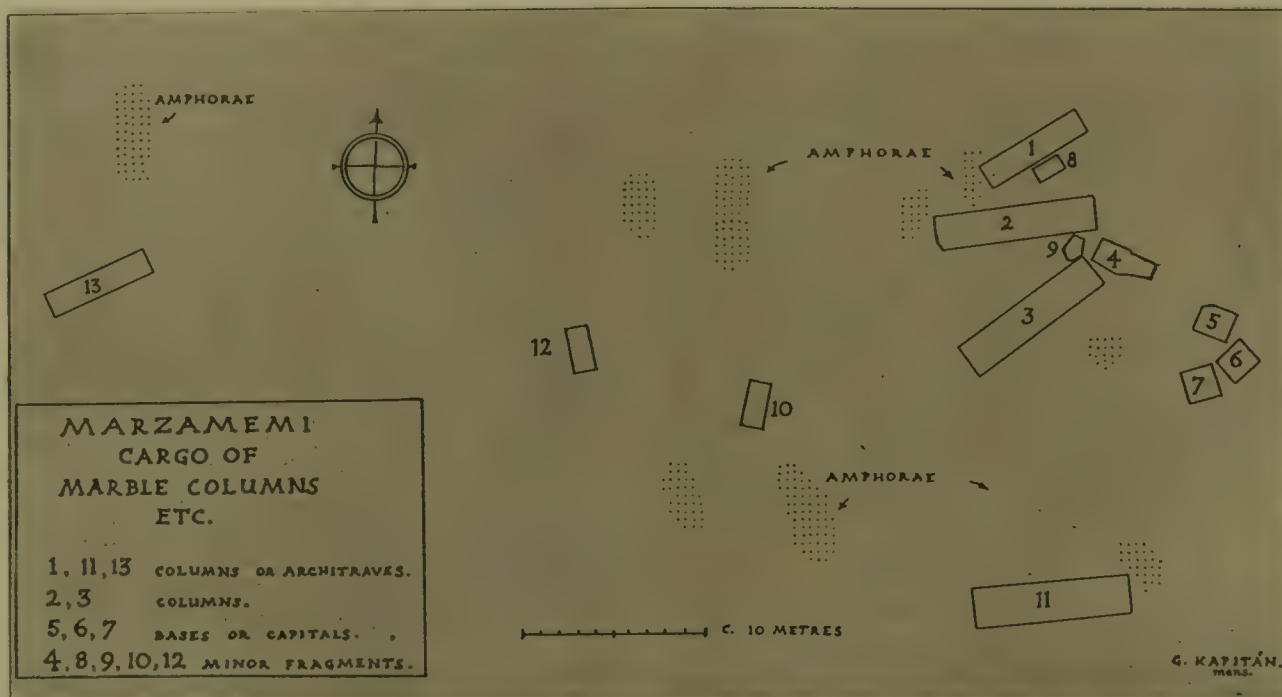
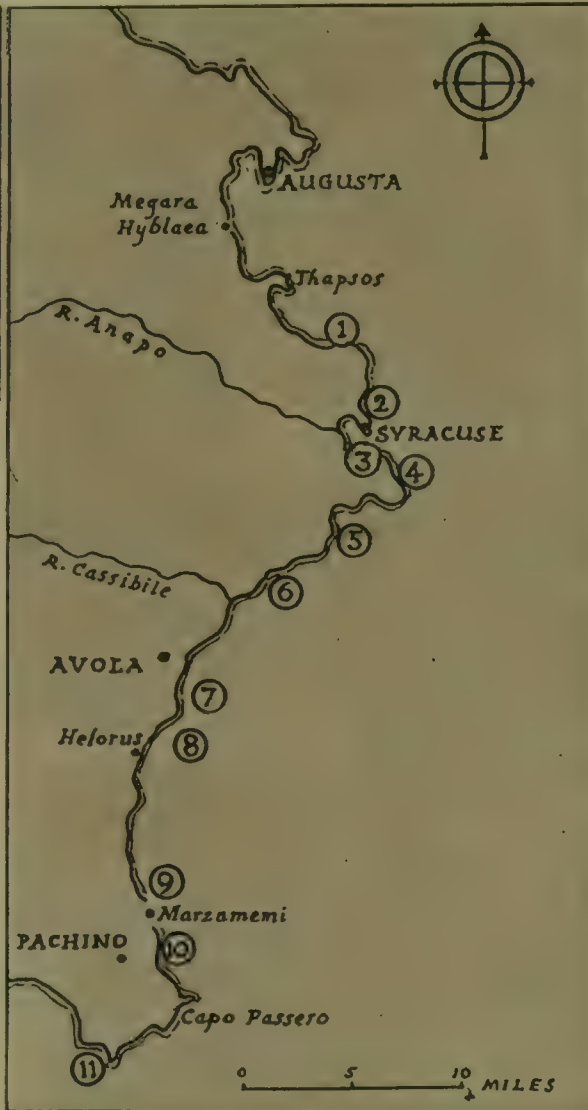


FIG. 12. A PLAN OF THE ELEMENTS OF A SHIP'S CARGO FOUND NEAR THE SMALL HARBOUR OF MARZAMEMI (SITE 9 IN FIG. 11). SEE ALSO FIG. 8.

across the harbour mouth: possibly part of a barricade or a line of marker buoys. The anchors (Fig. 4) belong to a type which had the shank and arms made of wood, and can be attributed to the Roman period.

Site 3. The Great Harbour at Syracuse. A large quantity of unrelated finds have been found here, but one site on the south side of the harbour

has produced a collection of amphoræ which almost certainly represent a ship's cargo. These amphoræ (Figs. 1 and 2) are of an early type and probably belong to the seventh or early sixth century B.C. The type is not uncommon in Sicily, and its rather widespread distribution suggests that it was imported rather than made in a local workshop serving only local needs. One example has been found at Milazzo, where it may be as late as 580 B.C., so the type, while originating earlier, may have had a long duration. This group also includes other pottery, platters, etc.; but these still remain below the sea. It can immediately be appreciated that this site is full of promise, being considerably earlier than the majority of known wrecks, most of which belong to the Roman period. It will be among the first to be more extensively explored after the winter.

Site 4. Near Capo di Murro di Porco. Several anchor stocks of lead, including the unusual types shown in Fig. 3. From the same site a stock similar to the lower example, but decorated with a row of prophylactic bosses, was found some time ago and is now at Marseilles.

Site 5. Ognina. Remains of what appear to be two separate wrecks, one Greek and the other Roman.

Site 9. Off the small harbour of Marzamemi (Fig. 12). Here was found a large group of marble columns (Fig. 10) and other architectural fragments, together with amphoræ of Roman type. A few hundred metres away and closer inshore, the prow of a wooden vessel (Figs. 6 and 7) was seen protruding from the sand. All this complex has yet to be explored, but the following points emerge.

The ship is at the moment archaeologically separate from the cargo of marble. Perhaps further work may enable us to link the two.

The cargo represents imported marble, presumably coming from Greece, since the Italian Carrara marble was not exploited until later in the Roman period. The columns seem to have been transported already fluted, but the smaller fragments roughly blocked out and unfinished. The position of the cargo can be seen in Fig. 12, the ship's prow in Fig. 7, and Fig. 6 shows the large piece of wood sawn obliquely and studded with wooden pegs, and with bronze nails which probably fixed the lead casing to the prow.

A somewhat similar group of marble remains has been identified near the Isola delle Correnti, west of Capo Passero (No. 11 on Fig. 11).

All this initial work has been carried on during the summer of 1958, and up till the end of November Don Piero was carrying out a series of test dives round the coast of Sicily at such sites as Herakleion, Motya and other places of known importance in Greek times. As a result of this work, which will be resumed in March, we can say that extensive remains of several Greek cities are

now submerged under the sea, as a result of the altered level of the Mediterranean since classical times: an alteration which is attested from many other sites around its shores, including the Tunisian site of Apollonia.

A vast amount of work lies ahead, arduous and expensive work which cannot be hurried. It will be backed, though not financed, by the two *Soprintendenze* and will be under the auspices of the newly-formed *Istituto Mediterraneo di Archeologia Sottomarina*.

Much underwater research has been done elsewhere, in South France, Greece, the

Syrian coast and North Africa, to mention only, some. The spectacular finds at Mahdia, Anthéor, Albenga, etc., are well known, and the planning of the town of Apollonia is one of the most rewarding achievements of recent years. Sicily, too, has much to offer, and for our future knowledge of the western Greek colonies, may provide unique possibilities.



EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, THE NEXT DEFENCE CHIEF, WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER, ALSO A FIRST SEA LORD.

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who has been First Sea Lord since 1955, will take up his new post as Chief of the Defence Staff in July. He will succeed Sir William Dickson. In this photograph, taken at the Admiralty, he is standing next to a portrait by de Laszlo of his father, Admiral of the Fleet 1st Marquess of Milford Haven, formerly Prince Louis of Battenburg. Earl Mountbatten was born in Windsor in 1900. In 1917 his father relinquished his title and assumed the surname of Mountbatten. The present Earl was educated at Osborne, Dartmouth and Christ's College, Cambridge. During the First World War he served as a midshipman and as a Sub-Lieutenant. He became an Acting Vice-Admiral in 1942, but it can be said that his real fame began in 1939 during his command of H.M.S. *Kelly*, which was torpedoed off Norway and which eventually sank near

Crete. In 1941 he commanded H.M.S. *Illustrious*, and in 1942 was appointed Chief of Combined Operations by Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill, and in this capacity he planned the raids on St. Nazaire and Dieppe. In 1943 he became Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia, a post which he held until after the war, when he took over as Viceroy of India in 1947 during a most difficult period. The following year he was Flag Officer, First Cruiser Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet, before becoming Fourth Sea Lord two years later. In 1952 he was Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Mediterranean, and after this appointment moved to Whitehall. During his years as First Sea Lord he has been particularly interested in the possibilities of nuclear propulsion. In 1922 he married the Hon. Edwina Ashley. They have two daughters, Lady Brabourne and Lady Pamela Mountbatten.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR
THE FIRST TIME—
THE ASTONISHING
COURTSHIP RITUAL
OF THE GREATER
BIRD OF PARADISE IN
ITS ADOPTED HOME.

A REMARKABLE feat of photography has been achieved on the tiny West Indian island of Little Tobago, which has for half a century been a sanctuary for one of the world's most shy and beautiful birds, the Greater Bird of Paradise. An American, Mr. Frederick Truslow, has succeeded in taking these unique photographs of the birds' courtship ritual, a ceremony rarely witnessed by man and never before photographed in their own habitat. The Greater Bird of Paradise (*Paradisaea apoda*) is a native of the Aru Islands, off New Guinea. In the middle of the last century a report of this bird's amazing courtship displays was written by the celebrated naturalist and explorer Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who wrote of the bird as among "the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things." He went on to claim "whole trees . . . filled with waving plumes." He illustrated this statement by a woodcut which, until these photographs were obtained, stood as the sole visible evidence of the phenomenon. No one else had since been able to justify Mr. Wallace's claim. Now, not only has the scene so vividly described by him been witnessed again, but a colour film has shown that Mr. Wallace's description and the woodcut were perfectly accurate. Furthermore, this remarkable ritual has been observed not in the bird's native Aru Islands, in the East (Continued, opposite page.

(Right.) THE CLIMAX OF THE MATING DANCE. THE BIRD'S WINGS ARE RIGID, ITS BEAK IS GAPING AND ITS PLUMES FROTH OUT ABOVE IT.

(Bottom left.) THE AGITATED MALE BIRD OF PARADISE DISPLAYS IN THE OPEN ON A TREE BRANCH DURING ITS ELABORATE COURTSHIP RITUAL ON LITTLE TOBAGO.

(Bottom right.) WITH SQUAWKING CRIES THE MALES WOULD STRUT AND PREEN THEMSELVES, WORKING UP INTO A HYPNOTIC TRANCE, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE FEMALE BIRDS.



DAY AFTER DAY THE MALES OF THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE POSED MOTIONLESS FOR LONG PERIODS, APPARENTLY IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE. PART OF THE COURTSHIP RITUAL ON THE WEST INDIAN ISLAND OF LITTLE TOBAGO. NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE.

Continued.] Indies, but on the other side of the world, on Little Tobago, in the West Indies. How these birds have come to live in a part of the earth quite foreign to all birds of paradise is another fascinating story. Towards the end of the last century the soft golden plumes of the Greater Bird of Paradise became some of the most valued ornaments in women's fashion. As a result of the enormous demand for these feathers, hunters from many countries sought easy money and slaughtered the birds by the hundred. Legislation had no effect, and it became clear that unless something drastic was done these beautiful birds would soon be extinct. To prevent this, Sir William Ingram, who was then Managing Director of *The Illustrated London News*, purchased the mile-long island of Little Tobago, in British West Indies, for use as a sanctuary, and made arrangements to transport a colony of birds from the Aru Islands. It was a bold experiment, but it worked. By 1912 forty-seven birds had been set free on the island; and in the wooded protection of Little Tobago, similar to that of the Aru Islands, the birds have happily established themselves. The present number is about thirty-five. Yet in spite of the success of the venture, the birds' mating dance—long ago reported by Mr. Wallace—remained for so many years unwitnessed that the famous woodcut and the report of "whole trees . . . filled with waving plumes" came to be regarded as fanciful pieces of imagination, with no more basis in reality than tales of fiery dragons and mermaids and unicorns. Naturalists and photographers several times visited the island in the hope of catching sight of the ritual, but with no success. Then quite recently the National Geographic Society sponsored a small expedition to Little Tobago, led by Mr. E. Thomas Gilliard, Associate

Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History, who took with him Mr. Frederick Truslow, an expert photographer. These two men waited at dawn day after day, beset by innumerable snakes and scorpions, before finally being rewarded by the wonderful courtship display shown on these pages. Early one morning the two men heard the cries of a male bird which were soon answered by other males. The first male bird then appeared nearby, preening itself on a branch and calling out with a rich resounding cry which echoed through the woods and was answered at intervals by other birds. Although there was still no sign of any females, the male continued its elaborate preening, drawing its long tail wires through its beak, stretching first one wing and then the other, and squawking, with its wings pressed against its sides. These beckoning gestures were carried on with growing excitement, until at length another male bird appeared, and the two then began to display in the open, performing an excited dance which finally appeared to hypnotise the two birds and leave them exhausted. This morning dance continued for several days at much the same time, during which other male birds began to join in. Eventually a few female birds appeared on the scene, without apparently having much idea of what was going on. Day by day these dances became more frenzied. The culminating crescendo was a moment of complete hypnosis, where the male birds were poised crouched, their beaks open, their tails pointing downwards and their plumes raised in a golden spray above them. It was noticed that the birds with the longest ornamental plumes occupied the most central positions on the tree, and automatically gave place to any superior arrivals.



Above: THE BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, ONE AND A QUARTER TIMES LIFE-SIZE, COVERED WITH HEAVY GOLD LEAF, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN COMPLETED BY MR. HERBERT HASELTINE. IT WAS DUE TO BE UNVEILED IN THE CLOSE OF WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL ON FEBRUARY 22, 1959. Below: THE WASHINGTON COAT OF ARMS.

A NOTABLE EQUESTRIAN STATUE, IN BRONZE, OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MR. HERBERT HASELTINE has recently completed a commission from the late Mr. James Sheldon to make an equestrian statue of George Washington. This was to be unveiled in the Close of Washington Cathedral, at Mount St. Albans, Washington, D.C., on February 22, 1959. Aware that existing monuments possess a number of historical inaccuracies, Mr. Haseltine spent several years obtaining accurate information concerning dress and military equipment. The sword is modelled on the one Washington used in battle, reputed to be his "favourite sword," now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution. From the same place Mr. Haseltine obtained photographs of the uniform which [Continued opposite.



Continued.] Washington wore when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. The saddle gave the sculptor the greatest trouble. For three years he could find no military saddle of the period, in England or the U.S.A. Eventually Sir James Mann, Director of the Wallace Collection and Master of the Armouries, Tower of London, produced one which the Duke of Wellington had used at the Battle of Waterloo. For his profile of Washington, the artist relied on a drawing in his possession by Rembrandt Peale. The Houdon bust in the Louvre, and a portrait by Charles Peale, helped him for the full-face study. Mr. Haseltine is deeply interested in the idea of including a mosaic of the Washington coat of arms in the granite pedestal which supports the bronze statue. These arms date back at least to the fourteenth century, and appear in the masonry of Hylton Castle, and on the south front of Sulgrave Manor. The authentic arms are reproduced here, together with the family's Latin motto. Photograph of the statue by A. Mekhitarian, Brussels.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXIV. WELLINGTON COLLEGE.



MEMBERS OF THE ARMY SECTION OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE ON PARADE, IN FRONT OF PART OF "COLLEGE," DESIGNED BY JOHN SHAW.



A VIEW OUTSIDE THE COLLEGE DINING HALL: SOME OF THE BOYS WAITING FOR THE DOORS TO BE OPENED FOR LUNCH.

On January 29, 1859, Queen Victoria formally inaugurated Wellington College, and the centenary of the opening is to be celebrated at the school in June this year. The centenary is also to be marked by the publication this spring of "A History of Wellington College, 1859-1959" (John Murray),

by David Newsome, one of the masters at Wellington. Unlike other schools, Wellington was founded as a national and living memorial to a dead man, the great Duke of Wellington. The founding of the memorial school was decided on shortly after the Duke's death in 1852.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE: FROM



"GRUBBIES," THE COLLEGE TUCK SHOP: THE SCENE DURING A MID-MORNING BREAK.



THE MASTER, MR. STAINFORTH, WITH THE TWO SENIOR PREFECTS, A. McLAREN, LEFT, AND M. MILES.



A VIEW INSIDE GREAT SCHOOL, THE READING ROOM DEDICATED TO ALL OLD WELLINGTONIANS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The plan for the foundation of Wellington College originated in a discussion between Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and the Prime Minister of the time, Lord Derby. The foundation was financed by public subscription, and, before the inauguration by the Queen, several years were spent in finding the



IN THE DINING HALL AT WELLINGTON: BOYS STANDING IN SILENCE WHILE GRACE IS BEING SAID BEFORE LUNCH.



IN "COLLEGE": A DORMITORY PASSAGE IN ANGLESEY, WITH—TO THE LEFT—SCHOOL TROPHIES AND UMBRELLAS HUNG UP TO DRY.



RUGGER TACTICS BEING DEMONSTRATED TO THE COLLEGE XV BY MR. WORT, THE HOUSEMASTER OF TALBOT HOUSE.

site for the new school—near Sandhurst Military Academy, Berkshire—and in constructing the buildings. These were designed by John Shaw in a distinctive style, which has occasioned some choice epithets. The Chapel, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott in a contrasting Gothic style, was added subsequently. In

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London

"GRUBBIES" TO A BIOLOGY CLASS.



THE SCENE DURING MORNING PRAYERS IN THE CHAPEL, DESIGNED BY SIR GILBERT SCOTT AND DEDICATED IN 1863.



IN GREAT SCHOOL QUADRANGLE: A SCENE SHOWING THE BUST OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON, TO WHOM THE COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED AS A LIVING NATIONAL MEMORIAL.



MR. ALLEN, THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, CONDUCTING THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA DURING A REHEARSAL IN THE MUSIC SCHOOL.

1856 the school grounds, previously unadorned countryside, suddenly blossomed with tents and other paraphernalia for the spectacular ceremony at which Queen Victoria laid the foundation-stone. Three years later, a large and distinguished company assembled at the school for the opening. Among

News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CURRENT EVENTS: STUDYING NEWSPAPERS IN THE READING ROOM.



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD": A SCENE IN ONE OF THE SENIOR STUDIES IN "COLLEGE."



DRAWING AN OAK LEAF: A TASK FOR BEGINNERS IN BIOLOGY. TEACHING THE CLASS IS MR. GILLEY.

those present to hear the Queen pronounce the inaugural words was Mr. Benson, who later became Archbishop of Canterbury and who, in his fifteen years as the first headmaster, played an outstanding part in making Wellington one of the leading English public schools.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE: TRAINING THE CADET FORCE.



MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL SECTION LEARNING HOW TO SLING A HAMMOCK—IN CONTRASTING SURROUNDINGS.



LIEUT.-COLONEL ROY, COMMANDING THE CADET FORCE, INSPECTS MEMBERS OF THE SIGNALS SECTION DURING A TRAINING PERIOD.



OVERCOMING OBSTACLES: SOME OF THE ARMY SECTION INVOLVED IN A GYMNASTIC DITCH-CROSSING OPERATION.



ONE OF THE FAMILIAR SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF SCHOOL LIFE: THE CADET FORCE BAND, PHOTOGRAPHED PRACTISING IN THE GROUNDS.



APPARENTLY A DELICATELY-BALANCED SITUATION: THE SCENE DURING A CADET FORCE INITIATIVE TEST.



ON ONE OF THE PLAYING FIELDS: A MEMBER OF THE AIR FORCE SECTION TAKING OFF IN A GLIDER.



FLT. LT. WILSON HELPING TO ADJUST THE PILOT'S EQUIPMENT AS ONE OF THE BOYS PREPARES FOR A FLIGHT IN THE GLIDER.

Since its foundation Wellington College has been noted for its close associations with the Royal Family and with the Army. Originally the school was intended to provide for the "gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the Army." It has recently been made possible for orphan sons of officers of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force to be elected to the Foundation,

but most of the boys at Wellington have now for a long time been non-Foundations. In 1952 an appeal was launched to enable the number of Foundations to be increased. While many of the boys have thus come from Army families, Wellington is also one of the leading schools supplying entrants to Sandhurst Military Academy. The present headmaster, Mr. Stainforth, is an ex-Founder. Formerly headmaster of Oundle, he was appointed in 1956.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SCARLET GERANIUM, CALCEOLARIA, BLUE LOBELIA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

OF all tiresome garden folk, the most tiresome are, I think, those superior persons who are for ever blathering, with lofty scorn, about the dreadfulness of "scarlet geraniums, yellow calceolarias and blue lobelias." They do it as though they alone had discovered and unmasked this abomination. Do they not realise that for people who like that sort of thing it's just the sort of thing they like, whilst to those who don't like it, it's just the sort of thing they don't like? That's about all there is to it. There is no need to assume the rôle of crusading missionary

seeing them grown in this way, romping at will in an informal setting, that first showed me what a truly beautiful and effective thing a scarlet "geranium" can be, and how foolish it is to bully and regiment it into a rigid geometrical bed-pattern.

The small-flowered yellow calceolarias of my childhood days I never liked and never shall, though I could not explain exactly why I dislike them. Perhaps it's just a case of Doctor Fell. Yet oddly enough I am extremely fond of the big greenhouse calceolarias, with their ridiculously distended paunches and their satin texture and

rich, clean, cheerful colours, plain or spotted. Perhaps it is the rather stark, brassy yellow of the old Victorian bedding calceolaria that irks me. What is wanted is a little more grace of habit and more colour—gracious colour—variety, to make them more pleasing. Alas, how easy it is to suggest openings for development and improvement among garden plants, but what a slow process it often is! I have done a little plant breeding, and achieved a few worth-while results, and so am aware of the necessarily slow tempo of the business in the long run. Meanwhile, I don't

like the old yellow bedding-out calceolaria. But I can not help thinking that there is scope for the plant breeders in the matter of this old Victorian favourite. A little more grace of habit, please, and more varied and more pleasing colour.

The last of the Victorian bedding trio, the blue lobelia, is a plant of infinite charm, when used in mass formation instead of as a monotonous thin blue line round a circular or a bean-shaped bed. On one or two occasions I have seen it massed to form irregular blue lagoons in mixed flower borders, or as an azure groundwork beneath and between taller things. But it is best of all when massed in mixed colours, pale, medium and dark blue, purple, white and what I have seen described as crimson, but which, in fact, is a rather subdued

yet pleasant reddish tone. Massed in mixture thus, like hundreds and thousands, they have all the charm and fascination of those engaging sweetmeats. I have seen these dwarf lobelias in mixed colours carpeting beds some 3 and 4 ft. wide in the formal surrounds of a house, and looking quite beautiful, as well as a pleasant change from the usual run of planting that is practical in such situations. The first time I saw lobelias used in this way there was something about the gay carpet effect that somehow reminded me of the flowered lawns of the



"I AM EXTREMELY FOND OF THE BIG GREENHOUSE CALCEOLARIAS, WITH THEIR RIDICULOUSLY DISTENDED PAUNCHES AND THEIR SATIN TEXTURE AND RICH, CLEAN, CHEERFUL COLOURS." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

in the matter of what is good—or bad—taste in the use of plants and flowers. William Robinson said it all more than half a century ago. Anyway, it's foolish to be too dogmatic on questions of what is in good and what in bad taste. It is an awful admission to have to make, but the question of what we admire or do not admire as beautiful is largely a matter of time and fashion, whether it be pictures, dress, gardens, or what-have-or-haven't-you.

Camellias are a clear example of the influence of what can only be called fashion in flowers. One need not be terribly old to remember the days when camellias were much grown and greatly admired. Then for a while they came to be regarded as "too, too Victorian, my dear," whilst now, once again, camellias are, so to speak, "in orbit." So, too, is much Victorian furniture. It would not surprise me these days to go into someone's drawing-room and see the legs of the grand piano wearing frilly pantalettes.

But to return to scarlet geraniums, calceolarias and blue lobelias. I confess I never really liked this particular crudity in bedding-out; nor, I fancy, did my parents. It is probable that they pandered to our autocratic head gardener, as a reward for his producing things that we all appreciated, especially asparagus, grapes, peaches on the kitchen garden walls, and strawberries. He produced all those to perfection, and in abundance. I first realised how pleasant scarlet "geraniums" could be when an elder sister of mine took to growing them in a herbaceous border. It was a long, wide border, and at one point she made a bold planting of what was then the latest and best scarlet geranium of the day, "Henry Jacoby." It was thought terribly daring and unconventional to put scarlet geraniums among hardy herbaceous plants in a border, but they were a magnificent success, especially as they were given an ample green surround, and it was



SOMEWHAT SURPRISINGLY, A ZONAL PELARGONIUM: "ATTRACTION," ONE OF THE SMALL GROUP CALLED CACTUS GERANIUMS IN THIS COUNTRY AND POINSETTIA GERANIUMS IN THE STATES. CARMINE ROSE IN COLOUR WITH DARKER VEINING.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

high Alps in June, and to admit that, is to admit a lot. The likeness was far from exact, and others might not see it. But to me the show had a something which somehow thrilled but which I could not pin down and explain.

I would strongly recommend the experiment of bold plantings of these mixed dwarf lobelias, as bold and wide as territory and labour permit. Seeds, which are extremely small, may be sown under glass, in gentle heat in February or March, and the seedlings pricked out in boxes, and grown on for planting-out at the end of May or in early June. The plants like fairly rich, well-cultivated soil. Failing convenience for raising one's own mixed lobelias, a friendly neighbour-nurseryman might be persuaded to raise the necessary plants, especially if the arrangement provided for his keeping a generous allowance of the young plants for himself. In planting-out the young lobelias it is important to put them at such a distance apart that they will join up to form a close, continuous rug of colour. If they do not join up, they will give a tiresome spotty effect.

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IN an article on this page in June 1935 concerning Joseph Crawhall, who died in 1913 at the age of fifty-two, I see I wrote "The physicists, I believe, can analyse a sunbeam, but in doing so they take away its warmth; pity, then, all poor writers, great and small, who endeavour to explain in words so exceptional a man." Pity, then, Mr. Adrian Bury, who has written a large and handsome—and the only—book upon so butterfly a subject—but do not pity him overmuch, for he has earned and deserves our gratitude, not, I think, for anything specially new or profound that he says, but for the patient research which has enabled him to present us with a coherent picture of the painter's background and mode of life.

None the less, in spite of a portrait and a photograph or two, the man himself emerges but faintly from family reminiscences and brief references to him by his friends, among whom were numbered Sir John Lavery and Cunningham Grahame: it was the former who, a quarter of a century ago, wrote referring me to the latter's book, "Writ in Sand," in which there is a brief note upon Crawhall, the main point of which is as follows: "Unknown all his life to the general public, and even now only appreciated by his fellow artists, he certainly was a man of genius, if any painter ever merited the term. Genius, I take it, is the power of doing anything in such a way that no one else can do it." I think that, given plenty of space, I could put up a case against that as a satisfactory definition of genius, but the fact remains that, in the very limited field he made his own and explored with such delicacy, Crawhall has no close rival in Western painting.

Mr. Bury devotes a page to rebutting the suggestion (he doesn't say who made it) that his highly individual style was derived from that of Chinese Sung Dynasty artists; I much doubt whether he ever had the opportunity to study Chinese paintings of such consequence. What he certainly had seen, because during the 'eighties and 'nineties he could scarcely have shut his eyes to them, was a multitude of Japanese prints, and their influence is surely to be detected in such admirable water-colours as *The Cock Pheasant* (No. 61 in this book) and *The Trout* (No. 55). The former was illustrated here in 1935 just after it had realised 380 guineas at Christie's, and also *The Mallard Rising from the Water*—an even more astonishing performance—which sold for 1150 guineas; indeed, it was the unexpected appearance of these paintings at auction which gave rise to the article and the latter picture is one of the excellent colour-plates in Mr. Bury's book.

It is true enough that Crawhall did not indulge in the dreamy symbolism characteristic of the finest painting of the Sung Dynasty, but he did share with most Chinese and Japanese painters the capacity to identify himself, in a peculiarly intimate way, with the birds and beasts it was his chief delight to paint. He would also, now I come to think of it, have acquired merit with those numerous Far Eastern connoisseurs of the distant past who considered that a painter should not paint for money. Thanks to the solid foundation of the family rope-making business in Newcastle, founded by his grandfather, Joseph Crawhall was in easy circumstances, able to work or no as he felt inclined. He seems to have been decidedly prima-donna-like in his approach: he would do nothing for weeks and then work solidly for three days and nights. Obviously also a man subject to moods: it was Cunningham Grahame who

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"THE GREAT SILENCE."

labelled him not only "The Great Silence" but "Creeps." All this moodiness went with an intense delight in nature, a prodigious, carefully-trained memory and formidable patience, an example of which is provided by the water-colour of *The Pheasant*, for this, we are told, began with Crawhall, looking a picture of melancholy and drenched with rain, crouched motionless in a field watching the bird, unaware that he was being observed.

His other passion was riding and he was by all accounts a magnificent horseman, whether as rider to hounds or gentleman jockey. Possibly

bought for the Melbourne Gallery in 1922 for £1250. Should one use the word "genius" in speaking of so endearing, sparkling and enchanting a talent? One is liable to become careless about the exact meaning of words, but I personally should hesitate to apply it to Crawhall, for all his infinite capacity for taking pains.

No question, though, about using it when speaking of Goya, whose etchings—all of them—are presented in one volume, printed in the U.S.A., with a foreword by Aldous Huxley, who draws our attention to the fact that they are all late works: "The *Caprichos* were not published until he was fifty-three; the plates of the *Desastres* were etched between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-five; the *Tauromaquia* series first saw the light when he was sixty-nine (and at the age of almost eighty he learnt the brand-new technique of lithography in order to be able to do justice to his beloved bulls in yet another medium); the *Disparates* were finished when he was seventy-three." All are immensely powerful, many are horrifying beyond ordinary imagination, particularly the *Disastres*, in which a great and compassionate mind expresses its horror of the cruelty of man to man.

No doubt the bullfighting series is the best-known and the more popular, though the subject is horrifying enough to most of us who are not inheritors of the Spanish tradition of blood and sand. Mr. Huxley remarks shrewdly that unfortunately, or fortunately, most of us know very little about bullfighting, and consequently miss the finer shades of the significance of these little masterpieces of documentary art. "Moreover," he continues—and here I think some of us can venture to disagree with him—"moreover, being documentary, the etchings of the *Tauromaquia* do not lend themselves to being executed with that splendid audacity, that dramatic breadth of treatment, which delight us in the later paintings and the etchings of the other three series. True, we find in this collection a few plates that are as fine as anything Goya ever produced—for example, that wonderful etching of the bull which has broken out of the arena and stands triumphant,



"PIGEONS ON THE ROOF," BY JOSEPH CRAWHALL. A BRILLIANT AND INGENUOUS STUDY: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM ONE OF THE TWO BOOKS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. (Gouache on holland; size 15 by 12½ ins.)

owing to his delicate health he visited Tangier in 1884 (Mr. Bury is not quite sure about the date) and remained there, on and off, until 1893. He won the local Hunt Cup four years running, and was Chief Whip to the Hunt, whose Master was that eccentric character Bernardino de Velasco, Duke of Frias, Hereditary Grand Constable of Castile, who was soon destined to ruin himself by sheer extravagance and to work as a manual labourer. (The cup is in the possession of Mr. J. E. C. Wood, Crawhall's nephew.) Later he settled down with his mother in Yorkshire, hunting and breeding horses, near his brother-in-law John Wood, who was land agent to the Cholmeley estate.

Speculation as to what he might not have accomplished had he been driven on by sordid economics gets us nowhere: men have diverse gifts, and his were beyond the ordinary. He was a perfectionist who was rarely satisfied and tore up more drawings than he allowed to survive. Consequently, what remains is mostly in a few private collections and in the splendid series bequeathed by the late Sir William Burrell to Glasgow—132 of them. One, the famous jackdaw holding a peacock's feather in its beak, was



"A TROUT RISING," BY JOSEPH CRAWHALL. ALSO FROM THE BOOK BY ADRIAN BURY REVIEWED HERE. (Water-colour on holland; size 10½ by 14½ ins.) (Reproduced by permission of the University of Glasgow.) Illustrations from the book "Joseph Crawhall," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Skilton Ltd.

a corpse hanging limp across its horns, among the spectators' benches." All the more reason, to my mind, to deplore the distasteful brown-tinged paper upon which the etchings in this well-intentioned edition are printed.

None the less, it is useful, to say the least, to have the whole of the four series reproduced, however inadequately, in a single volume, and Mr. Huxley is incapable of writing about anything which he does not illuminate. But to use the word genius of these two men, Crawhall and Goya, is as if one applied it to Offenbach and Beethoven together: *quod est absurdum*.

"Joseph Crawhall: The Man and Artist." By Adrian Bury. Foreword by Sir Alfred Munnings. Illustrated. (Charles Skilton; £5 5s.)

"The Complete Etchings of Goya." Foreword by Aldous Huxley. Illustrated. (Allan Wingate; £2 2s.)

A BARBIZON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



"PECHEURS EN BARQUE SUR LA RIVIERE," BY KARL-PIERRE DAUBIGNY (1846-1886), SIGNED AND DATED 1871: A VERY FINE LANDSCAPE. (Oil on canvas: 14½ by 23½ ins.)



"LA CAMPAGNE," BY HENRI-JOSEPH HARPIGNIES (1819-1916): IN THE EXHIBITION AT H. TERRY-ENGELL'S; SIGNED AND DATED 1897. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 31½ ins.)



"LA CRIQUE SUR LA CÔTE DU SAULE ALOY," BY LOUIS-GABRIEL-EUGÈNE ISABEY (1803-1886), WHO MOSTLY PAINTED SCENES OF NORMANDY. (Oil on canvas: 10½ by 14 ins.)

THE annual exhibition of nineteenth-century landscapes, "*Paysages de France*," on view at H. Terry-Engell, 8, Bury Street, St. James's, until March 14, is devoted chiefly to paintings of the Barbizon School. It contains one or two works by Henri Harpignies, Constant Troyon and Charles Daubigny, but many of the sixty-five paintings are by little-known artists; and it is refreshing to realise that so many of the finest qualities of the leading Barbizon painters are reflected in the works of their pupils and of minor members of the School. As a result it is still possible for dealers to put on exhibitions of excellent, but largely unknown, Barbizon landscapes, which are not particularly costly nor by any means the scrapings of the barrel. Among the finest paintings in the exhibition is "*Pêcheurs en Barque . . .*" by Karl Daubigny, son of Charles. Other artists represented include Isabey, Diaz, Lepine and Chintreuil.

SOME OUTSTANDING LANDSCAPES.

AMONG the paintings now on view at G. M. Lotinga, 57, New Bond Street, are some exceptionally fine landscapes, also of the Barbizon School or closely related to it. Probably the most brilliant of these is a superb little Charles Daubigny, "*Paysage ensoleillé*"; obviously painted quickly, but radiant with life and colour. There is also an outstanding landscape by a younger artist, Léon Richet, called "*Paysage à la Mare*"; a wonderful composition with a dramatic sky worthy of Constable. Richet was a pupil of that remarkable painter Diaz de la Pena, and was one of the best of the French landscape artists who worked in the style of the Barbizon School. Diaz himself, a partly-Spanish artist who has been termed the "official painter" of Fontainebleau, is represented by a characteristic canvas, "*Clairière en Forêt*." Another of the younger generation was Stanislas Lepine, a pupil of Corot. His "*Le Moulin de Montmartre . . .*" shows much of the influence of his master, besides emphasising the remarkable transformation of Montmartre during the last eighty years.



"PAYSAGE A LA MARE," BY LEON RICHEL (1847-1876): A FINE DRAMATIC LANDSCAPE NOW ON VIEW AT G. M. LOTINGA. RICHEL WAS A PUPIL OF DIAZ, AND OF THE BARBIZON SCHOOL. (Oil on panel: 19½ by 29 ins.)



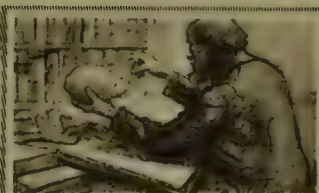
"CLAIRIERE EN FORET," BY THE SEMI-SPANISH ARTIST NARCISSE DIAZ DE LA PENA (1807-1876). DIAZ WAS A MASTER OF WOODLAND SCENES, PAINTED IN HIS BELOVED FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU. (Oil on canvas: 21 by 28 ins.)



"LE MOULIN DE MONTMARTRE—LE POINT DE VUE 1878," BY STANISLAS LEPINE (1836-1892). LEPINE WAS A PUPIL OF COROT, WHOSE INFLUENCE IS CLEARLY VISIBLE IN HIS WORK. (Oil on panel: 9 by 12½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PLAICE ARE DIFFERENT FISHES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

PLAICE belong to the order of fishes known as the Heterosomata, or flatfishes, the scientific name indicating that their bodies are different from those of other fishes. They start life very much like the young of any other fishes. It is the subsequent changes that make for the difference. Plaice are also an important food-fish, living in moderately deep waters from the Barents Sea, in the Arctic, down the Atlantic coasts of Europe as far south as the Bay of Biscay. Another item of information is that a female plaice may lay anything from a quarter to half a million eggs in a season, the season being January to April, but the time being variable from year to year and from one locality to another.

With such a large output of eggs the plaice should be abundant, and so it is at times, but the numbers fluctuate sufficiently, and the value of the fish in the markets is sufficiently high, that a good deal of research has been devoted to conserving the stocks. If the plaice are left unmolested, this large number of eggs laid each season is enough to keep their populations steady and no more, because there is a heavy mortality in the early stages of life. On top of this, the commercial fisheries make heavy inroads into their numbers.

Fish caught in the trawl include not only adults large enough to be marketed, but also immature individuals. The mere act of sweeping the trawl over the sea-bed must injure others, as

keeping damage to immature fish down to a minimum.

It is ironical that all this should be necessary to protect an animal so well-endowed by nature for its own protection. To appreciate this we need to retrace a story, parts of which are now fully familiar. Round about this time of the year the plaice pair, and although little is known about how this takes place, there has been one observation



PLAICE UNDERGO, EARLY IN LIFE, A TRANSFORMATION FROM THE USUAL FISH SYMMETRY. THE MAIN CHANGES ARE THAT THEY COME TO LIE ON THE LEFT SIDE PERMANENTLY, AND THE LEFT EYE MOVES OVER TO LIE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE HEAD.

of it at least. The female was seen to take up position immediately above the male, and a couple of feet up from the sea-bed. Lying diagonally across him, she shed her eggs which were fertilised by a stream of milt from the male. The whole action took less than a minute.

The eggs are relatively large for this type of fish, being 2 mm. in diameter, the size being due to changes within the egg, as it ripens, which supply it with excess liquid. This gives added buoyancy and the eggs float to the surface, there to continue their development. On their way up they are eaten by other fishes and the first reduction in their numbers from this cause is liable to take place as soon as they are laid.

On hatching, the fry are almost microscopic, transparent except for the black pin-points of eyes and the rounded bag, or yolk-sac, on the underside of the body. At this stage the plaice has the symmetry more normal to fishes. For the first week or so, the plaice fry are nourished by their yolk-sacs, but before these are used up they start to feed on diatoms, microscopic plants. When the supply of yolk is exhausted there comes a fairly abrupt change to a carnivorous diet, when the young plaice feed exclusively on small, tadpole-like appendicularians, free-swimming relatives of the jelly-like sea-squirts found on the shore.

Both the diatoms and the appendicularians tend to occur in outbursts. If the crop of diatoms, and the crop of appendicularians, coincides with the changing needs of the young plaice, all well and good. If not, the fry may take crustacean larvae, but there comes a heavy mortality from starvation.

If the young plaice can survive this critical period it will, at the age of six to seven weeks, turn on its side and settle down to life on the

sandy sea-bed. This is the point at which it justifies the "hetero" part of its technical name. It becomes different from other fishes, and also different to what it was before. Or, rather, it reaches the end of the changes that make it different, for the transformation does not suddenly occur. The plaice comes to lie on its left side. Its right side becomes its back, or, to use more precise words, its dorsal surface. This becomes heavily pigmented. The left side, now the under-surface, loses its pigment and becomes white, although exceptionally this under-surface may be coloured in the same way as the upper surface.

At the same time marked changes take place in the head, which becomes somewhat twisted, while the left eye migrates towards the right eye, so that the two take up position on what is now the top of the head. These are only the gross changes, representing a large number of small changes, in anatomy and in behaviour, to produce a fish that habitually rests flat on the sea-bed but is capable of swimming up off the bottom when pairing, when wandering in search of new feeding grounds, or when just swimming because that is what it chooses to do at that moment.

The change in shape brings certain disadvantages. It makes an already defenceless fish into a still more vulnerable target. There is, however, a compensation, in the ease with which a plaice can change its colour to harmonise with the colour of the sea-bed. The normal plaice is a sandy colour with red spots, but it is said to change these to white on a bed containing white pebbles. Flatfishes in general have this ability to change colour and they have been the subjects of much experimentation to discover the extent of it. Thus, a flatfish with its head resting on a white background will become pale almost to white even while the body rests on a dark background. When the head is on a dark background and the



A PLAICE CAN CHANGE THE COLOUR OF ITS BACK TO MERGE FAIRLY SATISFACTORILY INTO THE SEA-BED ON WHICH IT IS LYING—

well as, in the words of one writer, "scorching the earth along the bottom of the sea, leaving a trail of ruin and destruction behind it." Mature plaice are caught, young plaice are damaged or destroyed, and many thousands of the molluscs they feed upon are scooped up and damaged or destroyed. Measures tried or considered as a means of off-setting these adverse circumstances are varied. They include laws designed to conserve the existing stocks, the prohibiting of the capture of young fish, closing over-fished grounds and the establishment of close seasons. Hatching the eggs in special tanks, and rearing the larvae through the critical period, to be liberated into the sea, has been tried, but there are tremendous difficulties here. Transplanting plaice from one feeding-ground to another where the food supply is richer has been tried in the North Sea. Plaice have been marked to study their wanderings. And a continuous and thorough study has been made of the size of mesh that will most effectively catch the marketable fish while



—AS IF TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE, IT CAN BY RAPID UNDULATION OF THE FINS THROW UP SAND WHICH SETTLES ON ITS BACK TO COMPLETE THE DISGUISE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

body on sand, the reverse takes place, the whole body becomes dark.

It seems almost, therefore, that the second line of defence might be a provision against this contingency. This second line is seen when the plaice comes to rest on the sand, undulates its body in vertical waves, flaps the fins running along the margins of the body, and throws sand all over itself. When the cloud of sand-grains has settled there is little more to be seen than a slight movement in the sand and the two eyes protruding above the general level of the sand.

These twin abilities, to change colour with the background and to cover itself with sand, are clearly defensive measures only, since a plaice does not stalk its prey, which, at this stage of its life, is mainly molluscs and sometimes worms and other small invertebrates. The small shellfish are crushed between sets of blunt-teeth set in the throat, which are an addition to chisel-shaped teeth set in the jaws. But its defence mechanisms are useless against a trawl.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



KING GEORGE VI'S BIOGRAPHER, SIR J. WHEELER-BENNETT, APPOINTED TO NEW ROYAL ARCHIVES POST.

H.M. the Queen has appointed Sir John Wheeler-Bennett to the new post of Historical Adviser, Royal Archives. He will collect and collate contemporary material likely to be of use to any future writer of the life of the Queen. He is fifty-six, has held posts at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and was the official biographer of King George VI.



DEPUTY TO MR. FOSTER DULLES: MR. CHRISTIAN HERTER.

Mr. Christian Herter, U.S. Under-Secretary of State, is in charge of American foreign affairs during the absence of Mr. Foster Dulles, who has cancer. Mr. Herter is accustomed to such responsibility, since he has frequently deputised during Mr. Dulles' visits abroad. He is sixty-three, and is himself a sick man. There is speculation on who will take over permanently if Mr. Dulles resigns.



TO BE MALTA'S NEW GOVERNOR: ADMIRAL SIR GUY GRANTHAM.

Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and Allied Commander-in-Chief, Channel and Southern North Sea, is to succeed Sir Robert Laycock as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, it was announced on February 13. He is expected to take over this summer, when Sir Robert Laycock's term of office expires. He took up his present post two years ago.



A NEW AIR FORCE APPOINTMENT: CENTRAL EUROPEAN COMMAND FOR AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR HARRY BROADHURST.

The new Commander of Allied Air Forces in Central Europe will be Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst. He is fifty-three, and since 1956 has been Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command. He succeeds Air Chief Marshal Sir George Mills, who will become Chairman of the British Joint Service Mission in Washington.



(Left.) DEATH OF GOVERNMENT CHEMIST: DR. G. M. BENNETT.

Dr. G. M. Bennett, Government Chemist since 1945, died on February 9, aged 66. In 1931 he was appointed Firth Professor of Chemistry at the University of Sheffield. In 1938 he became University Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London. Until taking up his last post he was Hon. Secretary of the Chemical Society.



LORD DOUGLAS, CHAIRMAN OF B.E.A., SEATED CENTRE, APPLAUDED BY THE PRESIDENT OF AIR FRANCE, LEFT, AFTER THEIR AGREEMENT TO POOL SERVICES. At a luncheon given by Air France at London Airport to celebrate forty years of French commercial aviation, it was announced that British European Airways and Air France have agreed to integrate their services on certain routes. The two companies have also agreed to reduce fares.

(Right.) A ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY AWARD: DR. R. A. LYTLETON. Dr. Raymond A. Lytleton, F.R.S., received on February 13 the award of the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his outstanding contributions to many branches of theoretical astronomy. The first article of Dr. Lytleton's series of twelve on the mysteries of the universe appears on page 296 in this issue.



(Right.) APPOINTED A.O.C.-IN-C., BOMBER COMMAND, R.A.F.

Air Vice-Marshal K. B. B. Cross is to become Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command, in succession to Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst. He is forty-seven, and is at present Air Officer Commanding No. 3 (Bomber) Group, which he has been since 1956. Before that he was Director of Operations, Air Defence.



(Left.) ALL-INDIA CONGRESS PRESIDENT: MRS. INDIRA GANDHI.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the wife of an Indian M.P. who is no relation to the late Mahatma Gandhi, has been elected President of the All-India Congress. She is the daughter of the Indian Premier, Jawaharlal Nehru, and is forty-two. Mrs. Gandhi has devoted much of her life to child welfare, and to the Indian Social Welfare Board.



DR. KUTCHUK, THE TURKISH CYPRIOT LEADER, WHO HAS ARRIVED IN LONDON. Representing the Turkish Cypriot community in the conference on Cyprus, due to begin in London on February 17, is Dr. Kutchuk, who arrived on February 15 a few hours after Archbishop Makarios. More than 200 Turkish Cypriots welcomed him. He was later officially greeted by representatives of the Turkish Embassy and the Foreign Office. He was optimistic about the conference, and regarded the new plan as constructive.



MR. DULLES' RECURRENCE OF CANCER: THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE GREETED BY MAJOR-GENERAL HEATON ON ENTERING THE WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL. On February 10, Mr. Dulles entered the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington for a hernia operation. Following the operation, President Eisenhower announced, on February 14, that Mr. Dulles had cancer of an undetermined extent and would continue to take leave of absence while undergoing radiation treatment. The illness of Mr. Dulles, the leading personality in the forming of Western policies, was discovered just as the issue of Berlin is approaching its crisis. He will be seventy-one later this month.



INVESTED AS A K.B.E.: THE PREMIER OF THE NORTHERN REGION OF NIGERIA.

The Sardauna of Sokoto, Alhaji Ahmadu, was invested as a Knight of the British Empire at Buckingham Palace on February 10. He came to London specially to receive the accolade from the Queen, and is seen here after the Investiture showing the insignia he had just received. Earlier he had attended a run-through of a film made for the Nigerian self-governmental celebrations. The Sardauna has expressed an unwillingness to contest Federal elections.

CYPRUS; AND A PANCAKE RACE.



AT A LONDON POLICE STATION: THREE OF FOUR CHILDREN FOUND ABANDONED RECENTLY AT VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION. THE MOTHER WAS TRACED, AND THE CHILDREN WERE MEANWHILE TO BE SENT TOGETHER TO A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL NURSERY.



THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTH: MR. MACMILLAN SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONY IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE. In London, the Abraham Lincoln anniversary on Feb. 12 was celebrated in a ceremony in Parliament Square, at which Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Gaitskell, leader of the Labour Party, (extreme right, above) and Mr. Grimond, the Liberal leader, laid wreaths at the statue of the great American statesman.

NEWS FROM LONDON, MANCHESTER AND BUCKS.



THE OLNEY, BUCKS., VS. LIBERAL, KANSAS, SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE (ALSO ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 294)—MRS. BRIDGET LOWRIE, WINNER IN THE LOSING ENGLISH TEAM, TOSSING A PANCAKE AFTER THE RACE.



THE BURNT-OUT SHELL OF A SEVEN-STOREY FACTORY BUILDING IN PICKFORD STREET, NEAR THE CENTRE OF MANCHESTER, AFTER A FIRE DURING THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 10. NEARLY 150 FIREMEN FOUGHT THE BLAZE AND THE FOUR OCCUPANTS OF THE BUILDING AT THE TIME OF THE FIRE WERE RESCUED. AN ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT FIRM OCCUPIED MOST OF THE BUILDING.



PROGRESS IN THE REBUILDING OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEAR THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, LONDON, WHICH WAS EXTENSIVELY DAMAGED DURING AN AIR RAID IN WORLD WAR II: THE MAIN ENTRANCE, TO BE PRESERVED IN THE RECONSTRUCTION.



AFTER THE GREEK-TURKISH AGREEMENT ON CYPRUS: MR. SELWYN LLOYD IN LONDON WITH MR. AVEROFF, RIGHT, AND MR. ZORLU.

(Right.) SIR HUGH FOOT EMERGING, MARTIAN-LIKE, FROM THE *CANBERRA* WHICH BROUGHT HIM FROM CYPRUS TO LONDON FOR DISCUSSIONS.

Following the agreement on Cyprus arrived at in Zürich between the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers, the latter, Mr. Averoff, of Greece, and Mr. Zorlu, of Turkey, flew to London for talks which were to culminate in the conference beginning on February 17. Shortly before this date, Archbishop Makarios, and Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Cypriot leader, also arrived in London for the conference. Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of the island, flew to London on February 13.



IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: SCENES AFTER THE RECENT DISASTROUS TORNADO.



A ROW OF SMALL BRICK HOUSES FROM WHICH THE REAR WALL WAS RIPPED ENTIRELY AWAY BY THE TORNADO.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE WORST-HIT AREAS IN THE CITY, SHOWING WRECKED HOUSES AND AN OVERTURNED CAR.



IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE TORNADO: RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING FOR SURVIVORS.



THE WRECKAGE OF A TELEVISION MAST, FELLED BY THE TORNADO, BUT REPORTED NOT TO HAVE CAUSED ANY DEATHS OR INJURIES IN FALLING.



FIREMEN SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER IN THE WRECKAGE OF A TWO-STOREY HOUSE.



IN THE WAKE OF THE TORNADO: A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION IN PART OF THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE CITY.

Shortly after 2 a.m. on February 10 a severe tornado swept across the sleeping city of St. Louis, Missouri. A few hours later it was known that at least 19 people had been killed and about 265 injured. Most of the casualties occurred in a residential area inhabited mainly by Negroes, 13 of whom were among the 19 known to have been killed. The tornado ploughed a track through a part of the city where, in 1927, another tornado had killed more than 100 people. Eye-witnesses reported that the deafening tornado was

accompanied by a brilliant glow of light, like an illuminated cloud. During the catastrophe, the giant aerial of a television station and a radio station tower were brought crashing down. Both fell on buildings, but no casualties were reported in either incident. Rescue workers were hindered by a heavy fall of rain, and in the worst-struck area gas-pipes were broken and many fires broke out. The fires, however, were soon brought under control. (The population of St. Louis is in excess of 857,000.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ELSINORE AND SALFORD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

HORATIO says: "Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet. . . ." Mark the epithet: "young Hamlet." It is a very youthful Prince that moves now, at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, through the dark mazes of the castle of Elsinore. Ian Richardson is not one of the mature leaders of the English stage, playing Hamlet from a life of packed theatre-craft and asking us to believe that he is, in spite of appearances, the "sweet Prince" that has taken

is that the actor seems indeed to be thinking out the part as he acts it, and not speaking in rubbed quotations. This Hamlet takes fire as it proceeds. At first the frail, quiet, sad-eyed young man may not seem very impressive. Then, from the end of the colloquy with the Ghost, he begins to grasp the imagination, and soon we know that this, though it may not be the Prince we are used to, is indeed one of the many Hamlets within that multiplex character. Possibly we can call the production an attack upon laziness. We have to think out the play anew, just as Mr. Richardson is thinking it (and, as the night proceeds, feeling it). For so long the theatre has been used to "personality" Hamlets, presented—and often superbly—by actors we have known and watched across the years, and who use a familiar battery of effects. Mr. Richardson has the words and his questing mind. Sometimes he can set a new burnish upon a phrase; sometimes a line or a speech, held in grateful memory, must go for little. Here we are on a journey of exploration; and rewarding it can be as soon as the actor has persuaded us that he can speak for Hamlet—one of them.

I do not say that it is a Hamlet whose voice I shall remember. Doubtless, five years from now, Mr. Richardson will be giving a performance freer, more technically expert, one with theories about this speech or the other: in short, a highly accomplished actor's Hamlet (it is, after all, a great acting part). But I do not feel he will ever be more moving than he is now when he is tracing out young Hamlet's path through the Castles Dangerous of Elsinore and of his tortured mind. I recall in particular the homage to Horatio, which is simply and truthfully spoken, and the Closet Scene which has (and Sir Barry is justified) a sharp sting one has not invariably felt. What we miss is the "Hamlet" music: the meaning is here, but the sound can still escape the actor. Agreed, when we consider it, young Hamlet is not

brought into the theatre simply to sing aria upon aria; but custom, I suppose, has made some things "proof and bulwark against sense."

This is a production to see and (though not for the usual reasons) to hear; and I hope Mr. Richardson will be able to repeat his Hamlet before too long has passed after his Birmingham month. Collectors can be glad of it, even if it does not go in the same file with the classic performances of our age. I hardly think that this was the intention. Sir Barry Jackson, the text editor, has provided an often unexpected version (my only regret was the loss of "He has my dying voice"); and the director, Bernard Hepton, has dealt with the play as swiftly and directly as Mr. Richardson deals with Hamlet. Such performances as John Carlin's Horatio—a personage of uncommon ease and charm—Thelma Barlow's Ophelia, and Mark Kingston's Laertes come to us straight from Elsinore. It was amusing, I found, to meet this "Hamlet" so soon after "Fratricide Punished" which Sir Barry Jackson's company will stage at Edinburgh this year, with the early farce of "Gammer Gurton's Needle." We can be almost certain that the English company of strollers in Germany that patched up the "Hamlet" curiosity William Poel restored to

our stage would have had "Gammer Gurton" somewhere in their programmes. Edinburgh at Festival times should enjoy "Fratricide Punished." When it was done at Birmingham last autumn, Mark Kingston was the Hamlet so resolute in expression: "I will so avenge myself on this ambitious, murderous, and adulterate man that ever afterwards posterity shall talk of it. Now will I go and, feigning madness, wait until I find a time to effect my revenge."

Youth also raps at the door very loudly in Shelagh Delaney's "A Taste of Honey" which has reached Wyndham's from the Theatre Workshop's home at Stratford-atte-Bowe. I have to admit that the preliminary news of Miss Delaney had put me off a little. We heard of the Salford girl who had written the play—after seeing Terence Rattigan's "Variation on a Theme"—to show presumably how a play ought to be written, and how life was lived in Salford. Now youthful rebellion can get extremely tedious because it is so often magnified unwisely. I am wary of plays that are cheered because they are the formless doodlings of a novice. "Exciting and contemporary and progressive theatres," if they are not careful, can make themselves look regrettably comic.

Here I pour on my head a discreet helping of ashes and say that Miss Delaney's work is hardly what I had feared. Although Mr. Rattigan might tell her a lot about construction, the merit of "A Taste of Honey" is its way of speaking straight on, of telling its lurid little tale forthrightly, often ingenuously, but always with an honest vigour and with a natural dramatic sense. I suspect that Joan Littlewood, the director,



"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS": HAMLET (IAN RICHARDSON) AND THE QUEEN (MARIGOLD SHARMAN) IN THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE PRODUCTION. (FIRST NIGHT: FEBRUARY 10.)
Photograph by courtesy of "The Birmingham Post."

the hearts of playgoers over more than 350 years. Mr. Richardson is twenty-four; he looks younger. We have here a recent undergraduate of Wittenberg aware that the time is out of joint, and that he has been set to a task from which his spirit shrinks.

This is in accord with Sir Barry Jackson's belief that "no one over thirty should play Hamlet or any of his contemporaries—Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Laertes; and if a Hamlet is over thirty, then he should look younger and certainly be young in heart. . . . Gertrude becomes absurd if her son looks old enough to be her husband, or even her father."

Always one waits with anxiety for a new Hamlet. The greatest play in the world's theatre can offer an alarming challenge. Most actors and playgoers will accept it with enthusiasm. During an interval at this latest revival I was calculating roughly the Hamlets I had seen and heard: a fantastically long list. The number of performances (including various visits to the same production, once as many as fourteen) must run into three figures. I do not propose now to compare Ian Richardson with any of his predecessors; it must tire any young actor to learn that two lines of his best speech derive from X, a couple of commas from Y, and several isolated words and an entire semi-colon from Z. And certainly I do not want to discuss what score upon score of commentators have written of the play: some have been helpful, but much else has been a flux of words to the pen.

Mr. Richardson's Hamlet, in fact, owes very little to his predecessors or to the source-books. Its shining quality



"TELLING ITS LURID TALE . . . OFTEN INGENUOUSLY BUT ALWAYS WITH AN HONEST VIGOUR . . .": "A TASTE OF HONEY"—JOSEPHINE (FRANCES CUKA) FINDS HER MOTHER (AVIS BUNNAGE) IN AN EMBRACE WITH PETER (NIGEL DAVENPORT). (WYNDHAM'S THEATRE; FIRST NIGHT, FEBRUARY 10.)

has smoothed many difficulties—the handling of that brassy mother, for example—but we have to agree that Miss Delaney has a naturally fresh talent.

It is scarcely a piece for all markets; we may wonder about the opinion of loyal Salfordians. Still, it grabs the stage, and we welcome the acting by Frances Cuka, the lonely girl who loves and suffers (a trite way of expressing a character Miss Delaney has seen with sharp eagerness); by Avis Bunnage as the vaudeville-type Mum; and by Murray Melvin, quietly and gently touching as the second man in the girl's life. I gather that Miss Delaney is now writing another play which she describes as "part comedy, part tragedy." I look forward to wearing my best sackcloth to it, and this time I shall not go with any preconceived ideas.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NOT ENOUGH TRAGEDY" (Colchester Repertory).—A new play by Val Gielgud. (February 16.)

"FINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED T'BE" (Theatre Royal, Stratford).—A Soho musical play by Frank Norman. (February 17.)

"BLUE MAGIC" (Prince of Wales's).—Revue, with Shirley Bassey, Tommy Cooper and Archie Robbins. (February 19.)

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"; THE DUKE'S PAKISTAN TOUR; AND A B. M. FIND.



NOW REUNITED AFTER MANY YEARS: THE GREY GRANITE STATUE OF NESPEKASHUTY (SEEN IN PROFILE, BACK AND FRONT) WHICH HAS BEEN PUT TOGETHER IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM TWO PREVIOUSLY DISSOCIATED FRAGMENTS—AND NOW RATES AS A VIRTUAL DISCOVERY.

This statue of an official who held several high offices under Psammetichus I, King of Egypt (663-609 B.C.), was acquired about sixty years ago as two separate pieces, one reputedly from Thebes, the other from Edfu. A Belgian Egyptologist, Dr. H. de Meulenaere,

pointed out that they were parts of the same statue and the two have now been joined together, only parts of the nose, beard and forearms being added in plaster. The official kneels, holding before him a sistrum bearing the image of the cow-eared goddess Hathor.



ONLY ONCE HEARD IN LONDON SINCE 1909: DONIZETTI'S OPERA "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," THE NEW COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION, WITH JOAN SUTHERLAND AS LUCIA. (Photograph by Houston Rogers.)

On February 17 the Royal Opera House was to present Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" for five performances. The last performance was in 1925, the next previous being in 1909. The conductor was to be Tullio Serafin and the décor by Franco Zeffirelli. The principals were Joan Sutherland, Joao Gibin, Geraint Evans and Michael Langdon.

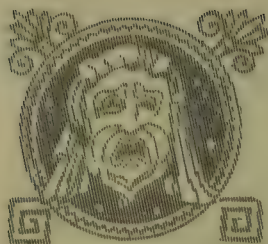


(Left.)
CROSSING THE
WORLD'S LARGEST
QUADRANGLE: THE
DUKE OF EDINBURGH
VISITING THE
EMPEROR AURANG-
ZEB'S MOSQUE IN
LAHORE.

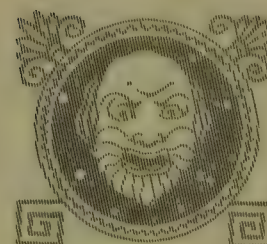
(Right.)
AT LAHORE FORT:
PRINCE PHILIP RE-
CEIVING SOUVENIRS OF
HIS VISIT FROM THE
SUPERINTENDENT OF
ANTIQUITIES.

On Feb. 10 Prince Philip arrived from Karachi at Lahore for the beginning of a week's visit to West Pakistan and received a most enthusiastic welcome, despite cold and rain. On the following day he visited Punjab University and the Chuharkana land reclamation project.





THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



GIGI AND GULLEY JIMSON

By ALAN DENT

THERE has been so much cooing and rapture over "Gigi"—which has been chosen to open the handsome, if rather Japanese-looking, new Columbia Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue—that we must run the risk of being called "knockers" about it. Yet there it is! We thought the film ran on too long; that its tale of a nice little girl brought up by two old harpies to be a great courtesan had not enough substance even for a featherweight musical film; that its tunes by Loewe and lyrics by Lerner (the pair responsible for the verses and music of "My Fair Lady") were merely winning without being irresistible. "Paris" cannot, does not, and should not be made to rhyme with "embarrass"!

We would venture the further unpopular opinion that even Maurice Chevalier cannot wholly redeem the character of a jaunty old boulevardier from just a soupçon of tedium, and that Louis Jourdan cannot quite keep the excessively bored young millionaire-hero from being rather a bore himself before the end—that is, before his marriage to Gigi, the young hopeful of a family that has never had much time for marriage.

These things being said, it remains—and it is far more important—to say that Gigi herself, as delivered by Leslie Caron, is the very spirit of youth—impulsive, rebellious, *à la* Renoir. That her grandmother and great-aunt are the occasion of two devastating and enchanting performances by Hermione Gingold and Isabel Jeans. And that the real prize-scooper of the occasion is Cecil Beaton, who has had nothing like his due for exquisitely decorative settings and costumes—period strictly 1900 and place principally Paris—which triumphantly succeed in being not only voluptuously Colette-like, but luxuriously Proustian as well. Mr. Beaton's best period covers twenty years or so, the 'nineties of last century and what Max Beerbohm used to call the

As a performance it is one of the funniest and most wonderful things this superlative comedian has ever given us. Jimson was dirty, deceitful, dishonest, despised, defiant and dissolute—but a great painter, heart and soul. He could not resist stealing from the rich

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



SIR ALEC GUINNESS, IN "THE HORSE'S MOUTH" (United Artists). "He is so much the best boy in the class these days," writes Alan Dent, "that we teachers grow weary of giving him prizes. It has been an exceptional week which has given us not only 'The Horse's Mouth' (adapted from Joyce Cary's famous novel by Sir Alec himself) but also a

sumptuous new musical film from America, "Gigi" (adapted from Colette's famous novel). Yet though the latter film contains Maurice Chevalier and Leslie Caron and a cluster of other sparkling performers, it would be absurd—for any kind of reason—to withhold the week's prize from Sir Alec for his deep-down study of Gulley Jimson, a deplorable man who was a great painter. "The Horse's Mouth," directed by Ronald Neame, was this year's choice for the Royal Film Performance, and as such began its season at the Empire Theatre on Feb. 2."

—especially the rich man who had diddled and cheated him. But equally he could not resist the empty canvas or blank wall, which must immediately become the repository for his visions and aspirations. That Ideal State (which seems to get further away instead

of nearer as Time rushes on) would give Jimson canvases innumerable and unlimited acres of blank wall, providing also enough colours and brushes to use on them and enough creature

comforts to save him from starving and stealing. But it was Cary's point and purpose to show us a genuine Jimson in a state far from ideal, and meeting with death long before he met with public recognition.

The novel, in spite of its riot of wit and humour, is a fundamentally serious study of the poor genius and of the dilemma on whose horns he impales himself fatally. The film, though it preserves much of the novel's fantasy and humour, is fundamentally not more than a characteristic Guinness comedy, with far more slapstick fooling than there is in the novel. Here and there, it is true, Sir Alec has superimposed upon it some of Jimson's quite serious observations on the nature of art, that "strange necessity." These will occasion considerable bewilderment among the one-and-ninepennies, but they are hardly likely to jeopardise the film's welfare. The one-and-ninepennies will be too busy laughing at the weird little man—a mixture of Dickens's Artful Dodger and Daniel Quilp with a dash of Stevenson's Mr. Hyde, and with a voice soaked in beer and cynicism—to note that he is occasionally and bafflingly serious or to resent his quotations from the mystical poetry of Blake.

The minor characters are fortunately distinctly minor, and only Ernest Thesiger's study of a wily old millionaire and Veronica Turleigh's of a foolish rich lady who paints can be called improvements on the characters of the novel. Both Kay Walsh and Renee Houston are well cast as two of the women—the indignant one and the sedate one—in the life of Jimson. But neither comes to genuine life, and surely Mike Morgan, as the devoted newsboy Nosey, is about twice as old as he should be? The fantastic sculptor Abel and his starved and



AUNT ALICIA (ISABEL JEANS), LEFT, AND MME. ALVAREZ (HERMIONE GINGOLD) IN THE SCENE FROM "GIGI" IN WHICH THEY LEARN THAT THE WEALTHY GASTON (LOUIS JOURDAN)—AFTER AN AFFAIR WITH LIANE (EVA GABOR)—IS AGAIN AT LIBERTY AS A PROSPECTIVE "CATCH" FOR THEIR PROTEEGEE GIGI (LESLIE CARON).

'noughts of this one: and in it he is unsurpassable and happy.

It may, of course, very well be—human nature being what it is—that Mr. Beaton has a soul beyond fal-lals and valances and bric-à-brac and frou-frou. He may, for all I know, want to sculpt like Moore and paint like Rouault or Matisse. Even if it be so, he has had the combined luck and shrewdness to turn the lighter side of his genius to commodity. He is poles apart, therefore, from the unrecognised sort of genius like William Blake or Vincent Van Gogh or Gulley Jimson. Let me hasten to explain for those who have not read or cannot read the novels of the late Joyce Cary, that Gulley Jimson is the fictitious hero-painter of "The Horse's Mouth" and that Sir Alec Guinness not only plays the part but has adapted the novel to the screen.



ONE OF THE FINAL SCENES FROM "GIGI": HONORE LACHAILLE (MAURICE CHEVALIER), LEFT, LOOKS ON SMILING AS GASTON AND GIGI WALK TOGETHER IN THE PARK. (LONDON PREMIERE: NEW COLUMBIA THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE; FEB. 4.)

frozen model Lolie have refused to come to any sort of life at all. Lolie in the novel is far funnier than she gets any chance of being in the film. When her sculptor vanishes she refuses to lose hope: "No, he wouldn't go into the country—except just passing through on business, because he couldn't stand scenery. It reminds him of pictures." Cary knew his art-world even better than he knew the world in general.

It is likely that the film of "The Horse's Mouth" will send many people back to the novel—perhaps to try again, the first time having been unsuccessful on account of the book's ejaculatory style. Let me advise all such to read the short Chapter 13 first, as a prelude, and as the quickest way of acquiring the taste for something immensely rewarding.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"I ACCUSE" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: February 16).—A re-telling of the Dreyfus Affair which has been kept from general release for an unconscionably long time. Out of a glittering cast one best remembers José Ferrer giving one of his better performances as the innocent and much-wronged Dreyfus himself.

"OPERATION AMSTERDAM" (Rank Productions. Generally Released: February 16).—A convincing narrative—whether it be true to history or not—of how Holland's diamonds were smuggled to England under Hitler's very nose in the earliest days of the war. Peter Finch and Tony Britton are breath-takingly good, and Eva Bartok is also in it somehow.

"ANNA LUCASTA" (United Artists. Generally Released: February 16).—Eartha Kitt is rather at sea without a song to sing. But this story of a coloured girl who went to the bad—adapted from a famous stage-play of the same name—nevertheless retains at least some of its vigour and pungency.



A MODEL OF A NEW TYPE OF SMALL DORMITORY CELL FOR PRISONS, WHICH—WITH THE ONE TO THE RIGHT—WAS RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED.

A model of a new type of prison cell and one of a new three-bed dormitory cell were recently demonstrated in London. The new type of cell, to which Mr. Butler, the Home Secretary, referred after the publication of the White Paper, "Penal Practice in a Changing Society," is of a more hospitable design than those at present in use. It is nearly square in plan, and the bars of the window, now set lower, appear more like ordinary window framework.

FROM A NEW PRISON CELL TO A NEW STAMP MACHINE: A MISCELLANY.



A MODEL OF THE NEW, MORE HOSPITABLE TYPE OF PRISON CELL, WHICH MR. BUTLER MENTIONED IN CONNECTION WITH THE WHITE PAPER ON PENAL PRACTICE.



RETURNING TO THE CONTINENT AFTER BEING REFUSED PERMISSION TO LAND IN ENGLAND: DR. OTTO JOHN, FORMER HEAD OF THE WEST GERMAN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE.

On February 10, Dr. Otto John arrived by sea at Dover. He was detained as an undesirable alien, and returned to the Continent the following day. Dr. John, whose wife lives in London, was found guilty of treacherous falsification and treasonable conspiracy in West Germany in 1956.

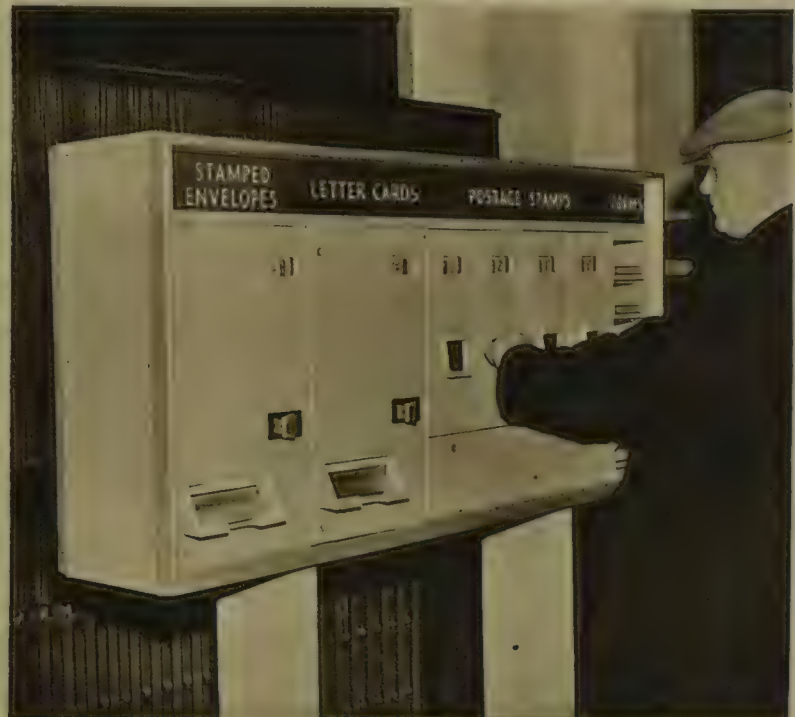


THE NEW GREEN BERET (LEFT) WITH EMBROIDERED BADGE, NOW AVAILABLE FOR OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS, DEMONSTRATED AT THE W.R.A.C. SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, HINDHEAD. THE OLD-TYPE CAP IS SHOWN, RIGHT.



A NEW LOOK FOR THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE: A SCALE MODEL SHOWING THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED ON ABOUT 6½ ACRES OF COMPULSORILY PURCHASED LAND.

This scale model at County Hall, London, shows what the Elephant and Castle area of South London may look like in a few years' time. The Housing Minister, Mr. Brooke, has recently confirmed an L.C.C. order for the compulsory purchase of nearly 6½ acres of land extensively damaged during the war.



IN LONDON'S MODEL POST OFFICE EXPERIMENTAL SELF-SERVICE MACHINES ARE BEING TRIED OUT, WHICH TAKE 3D. PIECES AND ISSUE STAMPED ENVELOPES.

New experimental machines may be issued to post offices in Great Britain if they prove successful at London's model post office in Remnant Street, Kingsway. One of these machines is seen in use here. In addition to issuing stamps, it will take 3d. pieces, and automatically supply letter cards and stamped envelopes.

IT is a commonplace that, as generation succeeds generation, the young invariably contrive to perplex and astonish their elders. No parents, alas! can convey the fruits of their experience to another generation: every experience, like young love, is something which has never happened before in the history of the world and certainly has never been encountered by the old fuddy-duddies who have gone before you! I have no great objection to this, because—if my own children will be good enough not to take these comments personally!—it often serves to off-set the boredom which they would otherwise inspire. Of course, it depends what form the perplexities take. There is little to be said for the wide range of crime and violence which now bears the inadequate label of "juvenile delinquency." But there are other forms of behaviour—some of them occasioned by the most laudable qualities of self-reliance and the spirit of adventure—which would have been unthinkable in what I suppose I must call "my young days." What, for instance, would my parents have said if I had set off for a short European holiday at the age of sixteen-and-a-half, with £25 in my pocket, and returned more than five years later, having worked and hitch-hiked my way round the world? I feel sure that British Embassies and Consulates would have been alerted, and that I would have been ignominiously hauled home by the scruff of my (possibly, by that time, none too clean) neck. Yet Mr. Don White got away with it.

He relates his Odyssey in *GET UP AND GO*, and as I became more and more absorbed in this entertaining chronicle, my sense of bewilderment grew and grew. What really intrigued me was the complete absence of any explicit motive for his travels. He takes an interest in what he sees—more in people than in objects—but he is certainly not intent on improving his mind. In the end, I decided that this was *Wanderlust* pure and simple—or perhaps spiced with an ambition to achieve the apparently impossible. In Malaya, he and his friend Danny were passed by the famous Mr. Peter Townsend, who refused to respond to their signals for a lift. Their comments are revealing:

"That's the life," I said enviously. "Think of it. From plush hotel to plush hotel—on an expense account. With a free Land-Rover, free oil . . . wine and dined by the social-climbing sets all round the world. What hardships!"

"But wouldn't it bore you to tears after a while? All he's seen of the world is mile after mile of road and the local snobs in each town he's passed through."

Here is the fine, if rather unkind, scorn of the professional for the amateur—and I believe that these penniless hitch-hikers, whose numbers grow every year, have developed something like a new profession.

I am not going to detail Mr. White's adventures, because this is a book which you must certainly read for yourselves. But I must comment on the incredible kindness and generosity which Mr. White encountered in every continent, from people of every class, colour and creed. (True, he was beaten-up in Panama, but I cannot help feeling that the publication of this book is going to make the Panamanian authorities feel very, very sorry indeed.) This reception must have been in part due to Mr. White's own ability to make himself perfectly, and most courteously, at home wherever he happened to find himself. For all his occasional lapses into the *gamin*, he must have been a useful ambassador-at-large.

Another young man, Mr. Simon Clark, sought adventure of a more orthodox type. He and some university friends were the first to climb Pumasillo, a 20,490-ft. mountain in the Andes. What makes *THE PUMA'S CLAW* so remarkable is that Mr. Clark unpretentiously relates what was essentially a personal experience. "I went to Peru," he writes, "to prove nothing about myself or anything else; but for the same reason that I climb, for the hell of it." That is a motive which he shares with Mr. White, and because he is more articulate, he makes it more credible. How simply he describes his first reactions as he stood on the summit! "What did I think? I was a little shaken to find that I had to ask myself the question, and more so that I was unable to answer it. I just stood there woodenly, and it was no different from any other summit reached after a hard climb. Relief to have no farther to go, and a tinge of sadness that the goal no longer lay ahead." The appropriate reflections came later, of course, but they add nothing to the ruthless honesty of the first impression. No other mountaineering book I have ever read holds just this quality.

These two books seemed to me the best of an average, but not better than average, week's reading. In *THE DIVIDED LAND* Mr. Geoffrey Chandler gives us a first-hand account of the Communist attempt to seize power in Greece between 1944 and 1949—an attempt frustrated in the first instance by the direct intervention of Sir Winston

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden; and the disastrous growth of anti-British feeling at a time when our Ambassador, the late Sir Charles Peake, described the Greeks as "almost pathologically pro-British." This was "more reprehensible for what it (our policy) failed to do rather than for what it did—like Mr. Micawber's son, who meant particularly well but, failed to carry his meaning in any given direction whatsoever." Nothing is more tragic than a meaningless, unwanted quarrel

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ANOTHER very pleasant British Universities' Championship on cross-pairing, held at Cambridge, saw Oxford just pip their hosts on the post. The first round finished: Cambridge 7, Oxford and Sheffield 6, London 4, Southampton 4, Belfast and Leeds 3½, Dublin (U.C.D.) 1½, Exeter 0. The next day the top five teams were seeded away. Oxford, by scoring 7 to Cambridge's 5, overtook them to take the trophy board for the fifth time.

Oxford switched A. S. Hollis, a Freshman, to their board two as a desperate move, because Ken Lloyd has been treating Oxford men rather ruthlessly of recent years. It was a move that paid.

BEN-ONI COUNTER GAMBIT:

A. S. Hollis (*White*), Eton and Christ Church; K. W. Lloyd (*Black*), K.E.S., Birmingham, and Selwyn.

- | | | | |
|---------|-------|-----------|--------|
| 1. P-Q4 | P-QB4 | 4. B-Q3 | P-KKt3 |
| 2. P-Q5 | P-K4 | 5. Kt-QB3 | B-Kt2 |
| 3. P-K4 | P-Q3 | 6. KKt-K2 | |

The care with which White has avoided playing the almost traditional P-QB4 might have suggested he was reserving this square for his KKt.

- | | | |
|------------|-------|----------|
| 6. . . . | Kt-K2 | 8. P-QR4 |
| 7. Castles | P-QR3 | |

It is essential not to allow Black to play . . . P-QKt4, which would set up an ominous pawn-roller.

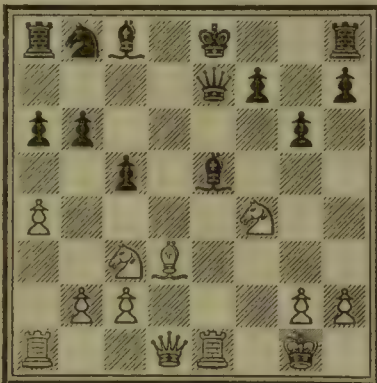
- | | | | |
|----------|-------|-----------|------|
| 8. . . . | P-Kt3 | 10. B×P | Q-B2 |
| 9. P-B4 | P×P | 11. P-K5! | |

Delightful play. Black's last move, designed to prevent this, gives it additional venom.

- | | | | |
|-----------|------|--------------|-----------------|
| 11. . . . | P×P | 12. P-Q6 | Q-Q2 |
| 12. . . . | Q×P? | 13. B-QKt5ch | would cost a Q. |

Black resolves to face the consequences of this capture, for life would be pretty unendurable with that pawn sticking into his vitals.

- | | |
|----------|------|
| 15. R-K1 | B-K4 |
|----------|------|



16. Kt(B3)-Q5

The wrong knight! 16. Kt(B4)-Q5 would win, e.g., Q-Q3 (obviously the only move; if 16. . . . Q-Kt4, for instance, 17. Kt-B7ch or 17. Kt×P would win); 17. Kt-K4, and if 17. . . . Q×Kt, 18. Kt-B6ch and 19. Kt×Q.

- | | | | |
|-----------|--------|------------|---------|
| 16. . . . | Q-Q3 | 19. QR-Q1 | Castles |
| 17. Q-K2 | Kt-Q2 | 20. Kt-R5! | B-Q5ch |
| 18. B-K4 | R-QKt1 | | |

20. . . . P×Kt; 21. Q×P, P-B4; 22. B×P would leave Black's king fatally exposed.

- | | | | |
|----------|------|----------|-------|
| 21. R×B | P×R | 23. Q-R6 | R-Kt1 |
| 22. Q-Q2 | K-R1 | 24. B-B5 | Q-B1 |

Not 24. . . . P×B?? or 24. . . . P×Kt??

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------|------------|
| 25. Q×Q; or 24. . . . | Q×Kt | 25. R-K8!! |
| 26. Q-B4 | P×Kt | 27. B-K4 |

- | | | | |
|----------|-------|---------|--------|
| 26. R-K7 | Q-Kt2 | 28. R×P | Q-Kt5 |
| | | | Q-Q8ch |

Not 28. . . . Q×Q?? 29. R×P mate. Now, however, Black can force perpetual check.

- | | | | |
|----------|-------|---------|--------|
| 29. K-B2 | R×Pch | 30. K×R | Q-K7ch |
|----------|-------|---------|--------|

Drawn. If 31. K-R3, Kt-K4 disch.

If 31. K-Kt3, Q-K8ch.

If 31. Q-B2, Q×Bch. So White's king can only oscillate between his first and second ranks.

between old and natural friends, but the book ends with the dark shadow of Cyprus beginning to fall over the rubble of Anglo-Greek relations.

Other British Governments have paid even higher prices for stupidity. Mr. Marcus Cunliffe's *GEORGE WASHINGTON* is concerned more with the man than with the cause which he led. The author destroys the "copybook canon" symbolised by the ridiculous story of the cherry-tree and the hatchet ("I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie"), and reconstructs a real human being. "It is poignant," he concludes, "to inspire awe rather than intimate affection, to have the warm flesh strike cold like marble, because one's temperament was thus, and because America insisted on frozen excellence." Here is another book that

rings sound and true. I am not competent to decide whether the same can be said, in all respects, of M. Serge Lifar's *THE THREE GRACES*. His portraits of the three famous ballerinas Pavlova, Karsavina and Spessivtzeva are based on a mixture of technical appreciation and

that rather febrile emotion which seems to be inseparable from the atmosphere of the ballet. Here, no doubt, M. Lifar is at home. But I know arrant nonsense when I see it, and such sentences as "The one and only road that leads us to beauty, to perfection, to sublimity, is the road of art" should revolt the intelligence of even the most determined balletomane.

Two at least of this week's novels are well worth a recommendation. The best is Miss Elisabeth Hargreaves's *THE EVER-FIXED MARK*, in which two married couples sort out their problems and a girl of nineteen enters on an engagement to a man more than double her age, against a West Indian background of sun and hurricane. There is real talent here, and a real knowledge of men and women. Miss Elizabeth Coxhead's *THE HOUSE IN THE HEART* is set in the Ireland of fifty years ago, when Home Rule was an issue and family feeling could contend with romance. It might have been a tamely conventional story, if the author had allowed her draper's daughter to marry the Duke's son—but Miss Coxhead knows a trick worth two of that.

Roll on the blood and thunder! Miss Anne Hocking's thriller, *TO CEASE UPON THE MIDNIGHT*, presents a Baronet as Bad as he is Bold. His son has married a Bitch, and his daughter a Black-mailer. Two of these get killed, and connoisseurs will much admire the pattern of the mystery. *DEATH OF A PUPPET* is Mr. Gabriel Hythe's first venture into detective fiction, and if he will in future refrain from labelling his characters Puppet Man, Big Man, Adolescent Face, and so on, he should elbow a good place for himself in this overcrowded room. The pace of his book is fast, and there are three killings, while the right element of surprise attends the unmasking of one of the killers. When Mr. Hythe attains more self-confidence in his new genre, he should avoid the threadbare backcloth of the international spy racket. I am sure that he could handle the more difficult, but more intriguing, theme of personal reactions as well as anyone.

South American revolutions are as hackneyed as spy rackets, if perennially topical. In *ROAD TO THE COAST* Mr. Harris presents us with a Bad Man rescuing a Good Woman, who in turn is engaged in rescuing a Little Girl, the daughter of the Worst Man of All. The first two are British—in fact, the hero becomes more and more British as the book goes on, and so becomes fit to marry the Good Woman—though we leave him presumably on his way to a dago prison. So far, so moderately good. But I was disappointed in *CRY SLAUGHTER!* by E. K. Tiempo. The manuscript of this book, we are told, was smuggled out of the Philippines in a submarine during the Japanese occupation, and was suppressed by the War Department for the duration of the war. Frankly, it does not seem to me to have been worth all this trouble. Authenticity, like patriotism, is not enough. It is a sad fact that direct experience does not make up for mediocre treatment.

I end on a happier note. There have been many naval histories, and I do not think that Professor Michael Lewis's *THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY* would have differed much from any of them, had it not been for his comparison of the ships which fought the Armada with those which took part in Dunkirk. Both were traditional *levées en masse*, and both exemplified "the knowledge, not learnt at school, but bred in the bone, that Britain's Navy is all British ships and all Britons." But how will this spirit survive the turning of all naval vessels into rocket-platforms?

BOOKS REVIEWED

GET UP AND GO, by Don White. (*Wingate*; 21s.)

THE PUMA'S CLAW, by Simon Clark. (*Hutchinson*; 21s.)

THE DIVIDED LAND, by Geoffrey Chandler. (*Macmillan*; 21s.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Marcus Cunliffe. (*Collins*; 18s.)

THE THREE GRACES, by Serge Lifar. (*Cassell*; 21s.)

THE EVER-FIXED MARK, by Elisabeth Hargreaves. (*Hutchinson*; 13s. 6d.)

THE HOUSE IN THE HEART, by Elizabeth Coxhead. (*Collins*; 13s. 6d.)

TO CEASE UPON THE MIDNIGHT, by Anne Hocking. (*John Long*; 11s. 6d.)

DEATH OF A PUPPET, by Gabriel Hythe. (*Macdonald*; 10s. 6d.)

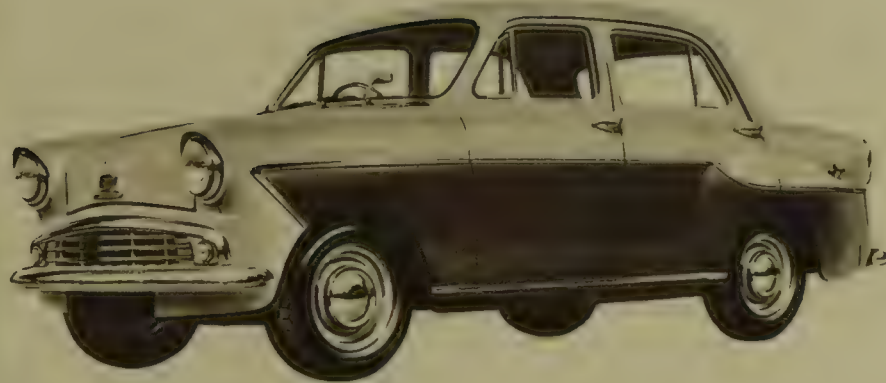
ROAD TO THE COAST, by John Harris. (*Hutchinson*; 13s. 6d.)

CRY SLAUGHTER!, by E. K. Tiempo. (*Wingate*; 13s. 6d.)

THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY, by Michael Lewis. (*George Allen and Unwin*; 25s.)



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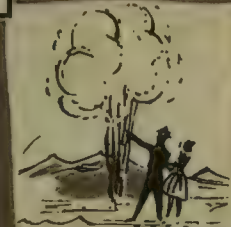


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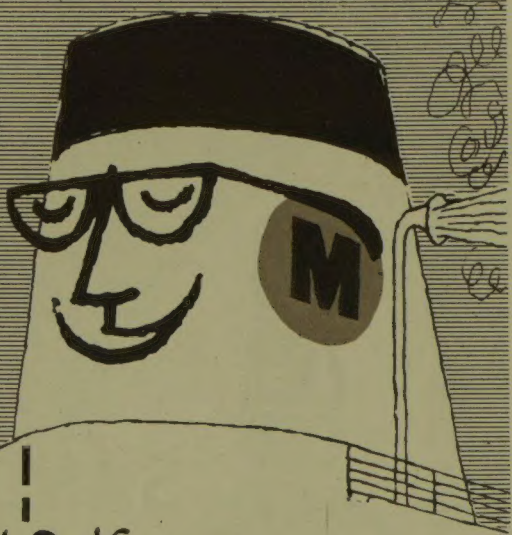
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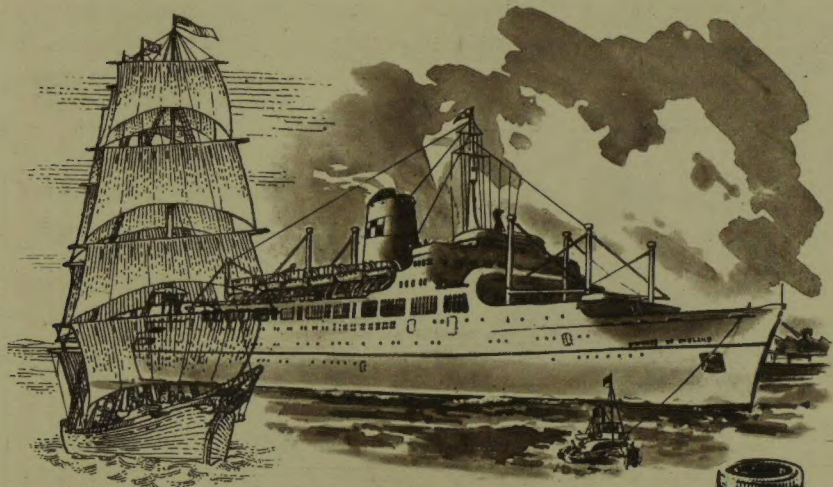
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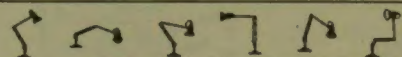
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